

# H Y M N E S,

and Spiritual

# SONGS,

Extracted

From SCRIPTURE ; on  
occasion of some useful Texts discuss'd.

Composed

In private Meditation, and made use of  
(once) *In Publick*: for the Saints Comfort : Now Published for their sakes that  
sung them ; or others that desire them.

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*Pfal. 32. 7. And compass me about with Songs of Deliv'rance*

*Pfal. 77. 6. I call to mind my Song in the Night. —*

*Matth. 26. 30. When they had sung an Hymn they departed.*

*Plinius secundus pleads that Christians, at meetings did.*

*Nil Romanis legibus contrarium, nisi hoc solum, quod  
antelucanos Hymnos Christo cuidam canerent deo.*

*Euseb. cap. 32. p. 67.*

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## To the Reader.

**A**S Errors in judgement cloud our heads; in affections, our hearts; in action, our lives; (*humanum est errare*; ) So specially do errors in divine Worship obnubilate our devotion to God: So that all may say, (or be mute) as David, who understands his errors? Ps. 19. 12. who can indeed?

But of errors in Religion, both in Doctrine and Worship; (not here now to treat at large:) of aspiring to Deity, as Pagans; arrogating legislation, as Papagans, affecting domination, as Prelates; I only touch (*obiter*) the self assumption of the Titles, empty Names, and Forms; of Church, Ordinances, and Ministry, without the things themselves; As we Protestants of all sorts (too oft) do. Oh how 't would become us first to enquire after divine measures, by that Scripture-golden reed, and to be asham'd of all we have done; and next to wait, and seek for that Holy Spirit as the Apostles were bid, in Acts 1. 4. 8. rather than temerate (as one says) Gods sacred mysteries with unwashen hands, and make that a mean of temporal Life; that (through the justice of God) becomes the occasion of our own and others spiritual (if not eternal) death.

But two things concern us all that venerate that second Command, (that Papists expunge the Decalogue,) the one is to know the Holy will of our God,

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both for matter, and form; that the first be bonum the second bene; good, well done; that it be not call'd vain Oblation, &c. The other is to fear his wrath, that ever attends divine jealousy: If but so small (as may seem) an error slip us, as did Nadab and Abihu, at the entry of Worship in offering strange fire, and common; or as Eli's Sons, or Uzzah's rash touch, or Naamans cringing to Rimmon, (for company, with his King; and Master) or as Uriahs usurping the Priesthood: All which are fatal examples, that do caution us to be tremulous: for in all the parts of Worship, Preaching, Prayer, Ministration of Instituted seals, and Censures, &c. I fear our errors at our Masters coming will be found not a few; so that we may say as Naaman the Lord pardon us, &c. as 2 Kings 5. 17. or as David about Uzahs boldness in Error. 2 Sam. 6. v. 7.

The Lord made a breach, because we sought him not in the due order.

But I only mean to touch a little that part of Worship that is call'd singing. And since its needless to lay open the Theory of it, being so well done by others, as Cotton, Sydnham, Rous, Barton, Hen. Ainsworth. Those of N. E. and in that of Scotland: Let me only hint at the Nature, Form and Use of Song in General; the Occasion, and rise of these in particular.

For the Nature I do not mean Jigs (as the Papist styl'd Hopkins) nor bare Poems, as Crashaws

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or Herberts, Quarles, Withers, or Pordage's &c. who tho' their songs may be good, and spiritual, and far usefuller (especially to youth) than amorous lays of Wit, wanton Rhapsodies, and prophane Ballads: yet I should scarce take them as materials for Worship: The ornature being human, and polite: But this I mean byt. A Spiritual Song, in Scripture words or sense, compos'd in measures tunable, sung alone, or with others to the Lords own praise, our own or others joy; in a sweet harmony of heart and voyces.

This may (at present) serve to hint the nature of song (as the Author takes it) till more convenient time be to enlarge upon it.

The great point that depends of late is, about the form, how to do it aright? (here quot capita tot sententiæ;) some seclude it wholly their Assemblies and Families, as lost; like Hebrew-Musick and Meeter, (till 'tis restor'd) and so practise it not, other than by prayer and praise: (natural worship.) Some (in the other extream) make so common, and formal work of it, that as the Minister sits above it as if it were below him, to exhibite a song, so a Clark (the sag end of Anti-Christ) takes upon him to lead as a Reader. Some (few) only joyn (as in prayer) with one that has a song, and utters it, (whether extempore or no I say not,) not the voice of any present joyning harmony with him: as Silas and Paul and Miriam of old did, &c. This I like not. Some again are for't; but act not, as

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stumbling at a promiscuous assembly, not yet being on mount Zion, where the Lamb's new song will be; these are holy souls, but short of duty, for there be songs in the night; one may sing at the lowest, by the skirts of Zion with an eye to the heights, as Jer. 3 1, 12. nay in Jeremiah's Dungeon, or Daniels Den, or the Bishops Colehouse, or the three Children in the Flames. Others are for acting (as we may) now on the lowest round of Jacobs Ladder, the East stair of Gods Temple.

Yet again some are for the Old way, the Old Translation, all old, &c. Others for correction and Reformation, of which sort, I am one: and tho't has been us'd, (till of late) to sing in the words of David: (as of old, 2. Chron. 29. 30.) Yet I scruple not to use the Canticles, nor the sense of other Scriptures in the same or other words; consonant to the Analogy of Faith. If then for the matter, my song be in the words of the Sacred Scripture (or reducible to it,) and for the form, I neither limit my self in the composur, nor yet do impose on others; least of all fix a stand or bound, beyond which none (in time to come) ought to go, tho' of more light and spirit than I am, and aiming at purer Reformation, yea waiting for a renovation of all: I see not why any can scruple to joyn with me so, or I with them.

Now for the use of Hymns and Songs, I find the advantages that accrew, many; to compose and calm our evil spirits, as Sauls was by David, 1 Sam.

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16. 16, 23. To allay a vexed, perturb'd mind at the sight of a sinner as the Prophet, 2 Kings. 3. 15. was by a Minstrel : and one a late so weary in travel, that he could not Preach, till he had hear'd Musick. As (on the other hand) the mind being *evbuqet*. well compos'd, (as Jam. 5. 13. or merry,) it exhilarates and improves spiritual joy, and comfort ; made Pauls Chain light, and Stocks easie : sometimes its instructive as some Psalms be, or corrective as others ; now and then it's propheticall, often precatory ; alwayes monitory and edifying, &c. Above all, in combats of mind, or military congresses : 'tis wonderful to read the blest efforts (and contrary effects) it has produc't in the open Feild ; at the facing (not foyling only) of an enemy : as in 2 Chron. 20. 21, 22. and times of war plainly demonstrate, both animating the hearts of the good ; and daunting the faces of the adversary. Besides at the end of Supper our Lord he and they sang an Hymn : as all acting they [plurally] in two Evangelists, Math. 26. 30. Mark 14. 26. as did the Jews ending their Paschal-feast, and tho' as corrupt times and Roman Impositions grew on ; certain vain gaudy customs, in Chores, Choristers, Organ-Pipes and like Trumperies were by Satans malice, and superstitious minds foysted and mixed with the duty, and some made Hymns in praise of Arian Bishops. Yet take off the Rites and Abuses, and let none invent Instruments of Musick like David, Amos 6. 5. nor play on them before an

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Image, as Dan. 3. 7, 15. and I see not but that old Hymnizing way and gift might be restor'd, 1 Cor. 14. 26. and a glory fill this, and other appointments.

Now for the occasion of this way, the Author uses: observe this twofold account.

1. Casting an eye cursorily, on a plea (one of the times publisht) for forms of prayer, he argues thus: If it be lawful in Singing, to use stinted set Forms: why not in prayers too? to let pass, Why not in Sermons also? Or Homilies, &c. I only answer (for my own part) that no set forms of song are by any compos'd, in any Translation (and far less imposed by any humane sanction, on purpose to stint, straiten, or direct the spirit of God, its gifts, or graces in any; that were to break the second Command as Mr. Cotton argues. And as bad as the old Latin Missale, so I never should use even the best Psalter.

2. (And more personally) note that the Author many years ago being in his own and others eyes, under a sentence of death, despaired of life (in an agony of dolour) had suddenly injected, and impress't on his spirit that place, Psal. 32. 7. preserve from trouble, and compass me about with songs of deliverance. Which makes me say if God has perform'd his part in the former, ought not I to essay to sing thus, and as Hezekiah to call on others, Ilai. 38. ult. in (confort) to rejoyce in hopes of a glorious deliverance at hand: the sparks of which hope, (laid up in Heav'n for us) are already kindled



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led above, and are taking fire on earth, never to be extinct till it have consum'd, the Idols, and Priests together: inflamed the restorers zeal; and well warm'd our Isles-Inhabitants with a love of reformation, never to be cool'd by all Papists can do; till that promis't restitution of all, as Act. 3. 19, 21. and the desire of Nations come, Hagg. 2. 7. to fill his second Temple with his glory.

As for these songs (such as they be) do any ask what for matter, I say they derive from Scripture-fountain: for else I desire they may be vilipended: But for the form of composure, they flow'd from serious Meditations in secret, sober reflections on the subjects then discours'd, and some (such as memory helpt to recall) had birth in private closet songs, tho' many are lost for want of a speedy record. If any dislike the method, heads, (in some of them) the transitions, in others the reflections on present times, the dull strain, bad poetry, or plain style; the Author deems it not fit to apologize to cavillers, let them do better or let these alone, as the Hymns are at his own cost, so he cares they only have them, that, with any joy in God, once sung them.

If any say [cui bono] of what use? I say of the same use as a pen'd Sermon, dying speeches or prayers (not to impose, but) for the recalling to mind, things useful to us before; and to the future profit of others, the same end (tho' a lower mean) as for which Scripture in general, and Psalms in particular were left: and tho' the power, and presence

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sence of a duty is not to be pen'd; yet on the remembrance of things heard, salvation in part depends, 1 Cor. 15. 2. If you say theres a store too much already. I yeild, yet not too much: bonum quo communius eo melius, its a pity bread and water, because plentiful, are (as Manna was) therefore more sleighted, and a sign of a fulsome gluttred age.

But let such stand by, that the hungry, poor, and meek may eat and be satisfy'd; some have tasted hony out of these bare carcasses; are these jejune, let others provoke their zeal, and stir up far better gifts to do more worthily: But I ask, is't lawful to gloss on a text by a long Sermon, and not sing too a short Hymn? Is't call'd novelty, or innovation? admit; yet as not old, so nor new things are (if bonum & bene) to be refus'd, a scribe of Christ house is to bring out of the Lords treasury, both new, and old, and at last the Lord will make all things new: and yet Sternhold and Hopkins did well (tho' not in Popish opinions) in Psalms. Some body must break the Ice to others, call them Novatians who list: besides in Eusebius and Ecclesiastical History it was thus so frequent to do; that some (a late) do use (of their own composure) after Supper, an Hymn: Causabon's Reports of some poetical Enthusiasms, and Religious Extasi's, and some Females in Hysterical fits, that utter'd verse, extempore, witnes H. Tr's late large folio: may all serve to excite the gift, or to pray it down, amongst us.

They



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They that use this way are few : I know but one  
grave learn'd man besides, that so concludes in an  
Hymn, publicly : If any consult our Predecessors  
they may find this way with some Martyrs us'd in  
Mr. Fox, and one lay'd on Qu. Ma. Desk against  
Popery : a Woman on the death of one sweet Child,  
sung thus

All praise, O Lord, with heart and voyce,  
we freely give to thee ;

To whom the death of all thy Saints,  
we know full dear to be.

In Dr. Beards Theatre p. 43. ch. 14 in Mr. John  
Fenwick, on Zion's joy in her King, (p. 92, 93.) A  
very pious Hymn. In Geo. Withers Specul. p. 77, 85.  
91, 142, 143. also Pordag's Poems p. 157, 207, 215.  
257, 300. The Pilgrim sings oft sweetly (See the  
book) Upon's passage from Babel to New Jerusalem.  
Nay one is put in the preface to some of our large  
Bibles. Which who can dislike ? If Time or Mecter  
displease any, can song in consort well be without  
both ? If so, do so, yet consider, it's as lawful to use  
poetry, to sing in orderly voice, harmony and mea-  
sure, as to use Grammar, to teach Hebrew, or  
Translate the Bible to Mother Tongue : if human  
Ornament under the Law, was not allow'd that Al-  
tar, yet what polish'd stones did Solomons Temple  
shew, by direction of the spirit of Prophecie in Da-  
vid, and of what polish'd Saphyrs will your New  
Jerusalem be made ? but all Gods, not mans.

'Tis no error in a Preacher to seek out Dibvrei  
cha-

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chaphets, words of desire, Eccl. 12. 10. (i. e.) *verba complacentia* Vatablus, tho' cadency in rhymes, and lines, delight not God: yet it and method too in English Speech, Prayer, Print, may profit us, and help Memory, and please Affection in the vulgar. I bring but a loop, or Badger-skin to tye, or warm, at the Altar: (or if only to sing in our Families) not to impose a form) only till times of bettering: let it be welcome (as that womans box to Christ:) to do what we can, as Mark 14. 8.

But because they were so pleasing to some that beg'd, and others that took Copies of them at the uttering, tho' not so many, so full, and distinct as here: I hope it will be as welcom (this New year) to such; to see them in Print, as then to hear'em and however, let none grudge the Youth if I dedicate this first part to them; and if these pass off well; being only 500 Copies, (and the charge pretty deep too.) To the Elder of my Auditory I may produce (in due time) the Second Part with a larger Epistle, on the various Scripture-victories from Genesis to Revelation, if God permit. I add a Title too, and Index to find any Hymn: if any use, them (to conclude) let your tuning of the heart, be the most melodious part, for

Non vox, sed votum; non musica chordula, sed  
cor; non clamor, sed amor, psallit in aure dei.

Some

Some Dedicatory Odes in three Poems  
to Little Children, [To be prefixt to  
the First Part of Hymns.]

*Psal. 34. 11. Eccles. 12. 1.*

*Come little Children, lend your ear,  
To learn how you the Lord may fear.  
Cast wanton Ballads, all away,  
Thus daily learn to Sing, and Pray.*

*(1st. part) On your Misery.*

**L**ord I was born at first in sin,  
to Satan sold a slave ;  
And thus before my life begin,  
expos'd to wrath and grave.  
No good by nature can I do,  
yet bent to evil am ;  
A stranger unto God also,  
of fall'n race, I came.

My birth in sin, and misery  
did force many a cry :  
My life, subject to vanity,  
did truly Prophesie.

**My**

My Childhood, like to *Moses* was  
expos'd upon the floud,  
Helpless, and in hopeles case,  
weeping and in my blood.

In Childhood I did place delight  
in baubles and fool-toyes :  
(So ignorant of what was right,)  
those were my greatest joyes.  
I quickly to do evil learn,  
and naughty words to use,  
But good, I slowly do discern ;  
and oft to do't refuse.

I better pleased am with play,  
or toyes (that fancy feed ;) )  
Then keeping of Gods Sabbath day ;  
or learning pray, or read.  
How shall I ever be so wise,  
as *Isa'ck* was ; and some  
(That young were burn't Gods sacrifice)  
when suffering times do come.

*2d. Part. On your Duty.*

**W**hen years do ripen up your wit,  
now Primrose-vertues gather :  
Learn oft to read in Holy Writ,  
and so to call God father.

Children that can their Fathers tell  
do please ; ripe wits they prize ;  
Early to know God, sure does well ;  
such babes are truly wise.

Learn willingly your Catechise,  
to understand each part :  
To say't by rote must not suffice :  
true knowledge lyes ith' heart.  
Ask questions of your Parents oft,  
as well as answer theirs ;  
He learns but little, profits naught,  
that doubts not, nor enquires.

Avoid Cards, Dice and all such Games ;  
as now too much are us'd ;  
Let wanton sports ; quarrels, nicknames,  
and jeers be quite refus'd.  
Gods holy name take not in vain ;  
use not one idle word :  
All wanton talk, and dance, refrain :  
cry not (if hurt) O Lord.

If recreation you must have  
bee't cheap, short, innocent,  
Your carr'age sweet and habit grave,  
(as babes) meek and content.  
But above all, O learn to pray,  
bemoan your sinful nature ;  
Beg (not in forms or words) to say  
me Lord make a new Creature. **Keep,**

Keep, love and prize Gods Sabbath day,  
in Worship, be rev'rent;  
Also to what your Parents say,  
be most obedient.  
How free was *Isa'ck* bound, admire,  
(affecting Martyrdome)  
And three, behold sav'd in the fire,  
mind these if suff'rings come.

(3d. Part.)

*Now to encourage tender hearts,  
This Hymn some hope to youth imparts.*

**L**ord thou me first didst form,  
to thee I sure was born,  
And shall I be away from thee  
by sin and Satan torn?  
My Parents did thee fear.  
and me to God devote,  
And in thy law and holy awe,  
my nurture, did promote.

My infant life God spar'd.  
that favour was not mean;  
Tis sad to dye in youth, and lyen  
our life with the unclean.  
I good example had,  
that kept from great excess,  
Which fills the bones of aged ones  
that sins of youth possess.

Restraining grace is good ;  
natural Conscience too,  
This gives me hope, that God will op'e  
my heart it to renew.  
I have my Parents dear  
vows, prayers, and tears oft cost ;  
How can't e're be, that they shu'd see  
so precious blossoms lost.

*Abram* for *Ishmael*  
did pray with some success :  
But God would place the promise grace  
on *Isa'ck's* head express,

(2d. Part.)

**L**ord when with *Abraham*  
thy Friend, thou cov'nant struck  
It past for deed of gift, to's seed  
of which they long partook.  
His seed tho' now cast off  
to him (at last) hee'l take  
He doth declare those Children are  
belov'd for Fathers sake.

Eight instances there are  
recorded in Gods word,  
Who did in youth, fear God, love Truth :  
which comfort does afford.

*Isa'ck* was offering made,  
on th' alter bound, and laid ;  
Yet so when bound, he no fault found ;  
but God that slaughter staid.

*Joseph* to *Isr'el* brought  
his brethren's bad report ;  
They him for that, do emulate,  
tho's Father lov'd him for't,  
when *Joshua* was young,  
his zeal was hot for God ;  
So 's *Obadiah* and King *Josiah*,  
that down *Ball's* altars trod.  
*Samu'll* betimes was call'd,  
Yea made Gods Prophet young ;  
To *Eli* old, sad tidings told :  
and *Israel* judg'd long.

*Jeremy* was sanctify'd  
and young did prophesie,  
And *John* was from the womb call'd home,  
foregoing the most high.  
*Lois* and *Eunice* gave  
*Timothy* education,  
Fully to know Scriptures, that show  
wisdom unto Salvation.

All ages since produce  
young Martyrs not a few  
That have defy'd the Tyrants pride,  
the love of Christ to shew.  
Such times, O Lord, prevent :  
but if that may not be,  
Fit me to dye, ere I deny  
my Lord that dy'd for me.

(Of the three Children see Hymn 94.)



*Besides the Index (or an Alphabetical Table) at the end; the young reader (after the Epistles) finds and hint of the heads, or Scriptures to which most of the Hymns relate: as these seven that follow.*

1. **T**He glory of Christ Offices (*viz.*) 1. Feeding. 2. Pleading. 3. Ruling and defending his.

2. The happiness of them, enjoy the presence of God with them, (Nations or Saints.)

3. Of Christ breaking and Conquering of all, especially his four last adversaries. (*viz.*) The 1. Dragon. 2. Beast. 3. Whore. 4. Death.

4. The defeating of all Plots and Plotters, on *Esther* 9. 1. and *Psal.* 37. 12, 13. &c.

5. About the last part of Redemption by Christ both of our bodies and spirits, and of *Zions* repair, Resurrection of witnesses; the future glory, and liberty of the *New Jerusalem*.

6. The joy, and *Hallelujahs* of all Saints at Christ's standing with them on *Zion*.

7. Some more private Meditations, and Poems on Paradise regain'd, and also Occasional Hymns: on our fires (so oft repeated,) on that in *Breadstreet*, the late Drought; and after it Rain: On Death of Friends, or Children, and the Sickness or Recovery of some. And on the Sabbath, &c.

(Errata's.)

**P** Age 4. line. 18. Read Wine. p. 12 l. 17. r. side p. 15.  
l. 11. f of r. and p. 16. l. 27. r. inquir'd. p. 19. l. 29.  
dele. [to] p. 20. r. and you from wick - l. 14 r. Christ s  
p. 24. l. 5. r. O come. p. 25. l. 20 r. and for your) l. 24. r.  
ye' ave trimmed up your Lamps. p. 26 l. 4. r. aye p.  
29. l. 13. r. blest. p. 30 l. 2 r. of's love (or d. of p. 31 l. 5.  
r. throw p. 32. l. 2 r. who thou art. p. 36. l. 17. r. on.  
p. 45 l. 11. Gogs p. 47 l. 6. dele his. p. 48. l. 14. r.  
compassions p. 49. l. 12. r. hidd n. p. 55. l. 3. r. t' a morn.  
p. 60 l. 22. their eyes. p. 72 l. 2 dele the p. 74. l. 15. but  
those p. 75. l. 8. r. your h. p. 83. l. 25. for nigh r. near  
p. 86. l. 3. for thus r. them. p. 87. l. 9 r. and ch. 25. 6. p.  
88. l. 1. d. s p. 101. l. 10. boding. l. 11 r. none. p. 103. l.  
25 r. scorching Sun. l. ult. where thine thou safe dost.  
p. 110. l. 24. r. the Lord. p. 114. l. 29. r in's. p. 118. l.  
6. r. rejoyce. l. 8. for and r. to's raign p. 119. l. 20. r.  
exalted be. p. 121 l. 22. hate and from her retire. l. 24.  
r. burning her. p. 123 l. 20. r. on harv. p. 129 l. 2. r.  
vale of. l. 17 dele th' l. ult. dele to. p. 134 l. 1. r. brake  
p. 137 l. 9. r. their. p. 148. l. 13. and Nimrods hunt for  
prey. p. 149. l. 29. r. befall. p. 150 l. 27. r. said. p. 156  
l. 8. dele s in nation. p. 157. l. 6. dele s in lamentation  
p. 162 l. 12. r. so p. 163. r. will. p. 166. l. 8. dele s in  
Zions l. 12 r. heads. p. 168 Hymn 146 two lines are  
added to the first staff, which belonged to the second  
p. 174 l. 2 r. what sin? p. 176 l. 3. r. their fate. p. 178  
l. 7. r. God. p. 193. l. 7. dele Hymn and division on the  
base p. 195. l. 4 r. if he in us.

*This Hymn two Adams fruit compares,  
And way to th' tree of Life declares.*

**A**S mans first sin, quickly led in  
A curse on's Children all :  
So did the second *Adam* win  
All lost, by t'other's fall.  
The fruit that he, pluck off the Tree  
Off knowledge, all did fill,  
With ignorance and enmity,  
'Against all his makers will.

Yet God thought fit, out of this pit  
that fall'n man should rise,  
And come to eat, a fruit more sweet,  
amidst Gods Paradise.  
Oh therefore when, ye Sons of men.  
will ye his calls embrace ?  
Return and come, to him, with whom  
yet ye may hope for Grace.

Here grows a Tree of Life, will be  
your food and medicine;  
With him that well of life, does dwell,  
to him your hearts incline.  
Against the sting, of *Adams* sin,  
here Antidote you'll find,  
Your dying Soul, may on this pole  
its brazen Serpent mind.

B

Why

VVhy will ye dye ; this tree is nigh  
 to eat, if you endeavour  
 Your welcom's free, O tast and see,  
 yea, eat and live for ever.

2 Hymn.

*A Pisgah sight, or foretaste and sips of Canaan.*

**B**Left be the Lord that hath forgiven  
 our sin throw Christ his merit,  
 A new and living way, to Heaven  
 conducting by his Spirit.

Gods Sons are heirs of Glory all  
 joynt-heirs with Christ their King :  
 They all obey, his powerful call,  
 and new songs to him sing.

Their priviledges here are great,  
 To ask, and have their will,  
 On his own Throne, Christ will them set  
 and so their joy fulfil.

Our bodies now so vile and low :  
 (through grief, contempt, and pain)  
 Tho' death under the clods them sow,  
 shall yet arise to raig.

Then no uncircumcised one  
 before that judge shall stand,  
 For heirs of Glory, they alone  
 must sit on Christs right hand.

They

They that by *Bacahs* Vale, once past,  
 now come to *Berecha* :  
 And thus before their King, at last,  
 still sing, *Halelujah*.

## 3 Hymn.

*A Prophetick Lamentation for our Times.*

**O** Lord draw near, prevent our fear  
 of Romish desolation,  
 For *Babels* whore lies at the door  
 with her abomination.  
 That man of sin, long since got in  
 and in Christs Throne does sit,  
 And throw Gods anger, we are in danger  
 to fall into his pit.

Th' old Dragon fierce, does wound and peirce,  
 thy *Sions* blessed Seed,  
 But Christ departs, (that cuts our hearts)  
 who soon could wound his head.  
 But Lord return, for thee we mourn,  
 Our Prophets, we see none,  
 That where we are, can well declare,  
 while Christ our light is gone.

Send forth thy Sword (thy Holy word)  
*Leviathans* head to wound,  
 Rouze *Judahs* Lion, let Virgin *Sion*,  
 no more sit on the ground.

VWhy does thy face, (so full of Grace)  
eclipsed still remain?

Both Devils and men subdue ; and then  
thou Lord alone shalt reign.

---

#### 4 Hymne:

*A Thirsty cry after that good Spirit of Adoption.*

O Lord our hearts do thirst and cry,  
for thy pure living water,  
Thy spirit is good, Oh such a fload,  
on droughty Souls Lord scatter.  
Then shall we like thy Garden be,  
full of all pleasant fruit,  
For Christ laid up ; O then hee'l sup  
of Wines, his tast that suits.

Then *Sharons's* Rose (that withering is)  
in beauty shall appear,  
Thornes shall not so with Lillies grow,  
nor Saints still Sackcloth wear.  
Then shall that Sun of Righteousness,  
heal them that fear his name,  
True judgement shall in Desart dwell ;  
and wipe off *Sions* shame.

Then

Then *Babels* moon, in darknes soon  
 unto a change will come :  
 The Virgins shall in triumph call  
 Their Bridegroom to his home.  
 Adopted ones, now cease all groanes,  
 Heavens meet the Earth with Songs :  
 Lord come away, for such a day  
 thy whole creation longs.

---

5 *Hymne. The Thirsty Soul.*

O Ne thing of thee Lord I desire  
 (and yet that one is all)  
 With' love of Christ my heart inspire,  
 that mine, I may him call.  
 O let the Coals of *Jah* inflame  
 my Soul with burning love,  
 Unite my heart to fear thy name  
 O send in *Noah's* Dove,  
 The Olive branch of peace to bring  
 wherein I shall rejoyce ;  
 And over all my sorrows sing,  
 in faiths melodious voice.

And when that King of Righteousness,  
 shall raign, and prosper too ;  
 With peace he will our Islands bless,  
 them that oppress, undo.

Extend good will, to *Sions* Hill;  
 (that now we ruin'd call;)  
 Oh build agen, *Jerusalem*;  
 repair her broken wall.  
 From *Sion*, *Israels* safety speed  
 (so long a captive lead)  
 So *Jacob* shall rejoyce, indeed  
 and *Isra'l* shall be glad.

---

## 6 Hymn.

*A sigh from the whole Creation.*

*In a Threnetick Hymn.*

**O** Lord that true and righteous art  
 hark how thy Creatures all,  
 Do sigh and groan; by thee alone,  
 to be redeem'd from thral.  
 From bondage of mans wickedness  
 we were redeem'd (say they)  
 Why then are we mans vanity,  
 subjected to obey?

The curse and wrath we bear is great,  
 cross to our makers will;  
 How long must we by tyranny,  
 mens lawless lusts fulfil?

Lord



Lord sweep the world, refine the Church,  
 from dross, tinn, straw, and stubble,  
 By fire, and sope, revive our hope,  
 Our Island save from trouble.

No feller then on us shall come  
 nor burdens us oppress:  
 Christ will with justice, truth, and peace;  
 and Hallelujahs, bless.

---

7 Hymn.

*Zions Lamentation after the Lord.*

**H**ow long Lord dost thou hide thy face,  
 to us returu, we crave,  
 The riches of thy powerful grace,  
 vouchsafe thy poor to have.  
 See how the Boars and Beasts of prey  
 do pluck and spoyl thy Vine;  
 And wher's your God, blaspheming say,  
 as if it were not thine?

The World in wrath, and bloud does roule,  
 its burdens still increase;  
 To thee Lord, cries its weary Soul,  
 when shall these mischiefs cease?

Thy Spirits become to mighty ones,  
 a vile reproach, and scorn,  
 Among the pots, thy dopted Sons  
 do lie, black, and forlorn.  
 O turn to us, turn us to thee,  
 powre out thy Spirit again,  
 Thy promise is (and thats our bliss)  
 Jesus shall live, and raign.

---

### 8 Hymn.

*A sigh for pure Worship.*

The 1st. Part.

**L**ord show to us thy way, and will  
 to VVorship thee aright :  
 Give by thy word and spirit that skill  
 to lead into thy fight.  
 VVhen God to me said, seek my face,  
 my heart its eccho cry'd,  
 To seek thy face, oh give me grace  
 But Lord, it do not hide.

For that alone will gladness give,  
 and joy, with peace, far more  
 Then corn and wine ; souls do not live  
 on earth, or goods in store.

Then

Then will I to thine Altar go,  
 and in its flames delight :  
 The way to blifs thus I shall know  
 and pleasures in thy fight.  
 Here I the end of wicked ones,  
 fhall plainly fee and read :  
 For life to *Israels* dry bones  
 hence i'll beleive and plead.

Lord haft to bring that righteous King  
 into his Temple pure,  
 Its glory ope ; the whore, the Pope,  
 in their abyfs secure.  
 That fecond Temple God will rear,  
 and his Salvation wall it ;  
 In's beauty there will Chrift appear,  
*Jehovah Shammah*, call it.

---

9 Hymn.

*Hopes for the approaching Glory.*

The 2d. part.

**O**ur God will come in haft ;  
 in's Glory to appear ;  
 And now fulfil to *Zions Hill*,  
 his promift good, fo near.

Re-

Rejoyce ye Sons of God,  
 All ye that *Sion* love,  
 Shake from your eyes the dust, & rise,  
 your sins, and bands remove.

His time now posteth on  
 For *Babels* final doom;  
 And great Salvation in every nation;  
 Oh let thy Kingdom come.

Though Nations rush, and rage,  
 Oh bring them to thy foot,  
 And hear the prayer of such as are  
 in dust; and destitute.

Then *Jesse's* branch will bud  
 Two staves unite in one:  
 Then may we hope, all priso'ns op'e  
 That Christ may have the Throne.

Idols he will abolish,  
 And worship pure appoint;  
*Sion* espouse, to be his house,  
 And or'e it Christ annoint.

Oh then rejoyce in hope,  
 Of such a glorious day,  
 When all that mourn their tunes will turn,  
 Singing; *Halelujah*.

## 10 Hymn.

*Future hopes of Good.*

**Y**E Saints that do *Jehovah* fear,  
 sing with melodious hearts,  
 That chosen are, of God most dear,  
 his secrets, to impart.  
 Before the earths foundations, he  
 on you plac'd his Election,  
 And when these heavens no more shall be,  
 you'll have a Resurrection.

Thrice blest they be, whom God does chuse,  
 and pure in heart that be ;  
 Tho' men abuse and you refuse,  
 such God at last shall see.  
 Then Saints shall know as they be known,  
 and see God as he is ;  
 God will not shame their names to own,  
 for such shall live in blisse,

Then shall your bodies glorious rise,  
 (first Christs, then all his Saints,)  
 When power divine them clarifies,  
 and full joys ends complaints.  
 Oh who then would not sigh, and long,  
 this Kingdom's wine to taste ;  
 Thy Kingdom come, and will be done :  
 that glorious state, O hast.

*Faiths*

## 11 Hymn.

*Faith's triumph (in the hopes of a Resurrection)  
or 'e deaths Victory.*

**A**LL ye that live and die in Christ,  
O blefs the Lord with me,  
Beyond the grave a hope you have  
of perfect Victory.  
Tho dying, yet behold we live,  
in sorrows still, we sing;  
Christ bore the curse, and sin (that's worse)  
death's but (in name) a King.

What tho' from *Abel* to this day,  
death of its conquests boast:  
Christ through the sides of it, did ride,  
and so its sting was lost.  
Nature it King of Terrors, calls,  
and terrour 'tis to Kings;  
Yet with delight, into Gods fight,  
body and Soul, it brings.

Our first begotten from the dead,  
arose, and sits on high,  
But when again he comes to raign,  
his foes at's foot must lye,

Our

Our scatter'd bones about the Grave,  
 shall come again together,  
 And when we rise, with these our eyes  
 we God shall see, for ever.

---

## 12 Hymn.

*Faiths triumph in the Resurrection of the dry  
 bones.*

**A**LL ye that love the Lord,  
 his grace that tasted have ;  
 Tho' death devour, there's set an hour,  
 when you shall rise from grave.  
 Our life with Christ is hid,  
 Souls cannot dye therefore.  
 For while we sleep, our Lord does keep  
 Of hell and death, the door!

Oh then rejoyce and sing,  
 Ye that dwell in the dust  
 Shall in your lot stand without spot  
 with spirits of perfect just.  
 What tho' our scattered bones  
 lye still about graves mouth;  
 Christ unto you will life renew,  
 that has dew of his youth.

*Isra'ls*

*Isra'ls* dry bones at last  
 a spirit of Life shall get:  
 That *Roman* Sun and Jewish Moon  
 under a cloud shall set.  
 Then shall the righteous shine,  
 as Suns before Gods sight,  
 With holy ones, sitting on Thrones;  
 in everlasting light.

---

## 13 Hymn.

Doxolog. gratulatory.

Psal. 16. 7. ult.

**B**lessed be God for Jesus Christ,  
 and his free righteousness,  
 For nothing less, lost souls could bless,  
 and lead to happiness.

My soul bless thou, the Lord always  
 and all that in thee is:  
 Instructed be, behold and see  
 what great Salvation's this?

The Lord's set still before my sight  
 I shall not be deprest,  
 My heart and voyce, do both rejoyce  
 in hope, my flesh shall rest,

Thou



Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell  
 nor to the grave captive  
 But wilt me shew what path to go  
 where I shall ever live.

For in thy sight fulness of joy,  
 and pleasures are in store,  
 All treasures stand, at thy right hand  
 of life ; for evermore.

---

#### 14. Hymn.

*An Hymn of Petitions for the Spirit.*

*as Psal. 51. 12. Cant. 5. ult.*

**T**O thee *Jehovah* I  
 do thirsting cry and crave  
 That early dew (thy spirit most true)  
 this drouthy soul may have.  
 Awake, O North wind, blow,  
 O South, breath pleasantly,  
 Behold how dry my Gardens lie,  
 my Plants wither and die.

Thou calls't for fruits, and lo!  
 I therein would abound ;  
 But dead and dry my Roots do lye,  
 my fruit from thee is found.

The

The gates of *Sion* mourn,  
 Two witnesses dead lye:  
 O send that spirit that Christ did merit,  
 Thus shall we vivifie.

Then *Babels* whore shall wail  
 Saints shall immortal raign,  
*Immanuel* with Saints shall dwell,  
 and endless joy, obtain.

---

### 13 Hymne.

*After Cant, 3.*  
*A Song of Love, longing for Christ.*

**O**H thou the Bridgroom of my soul,  
 for thee thy spouse does long,  
 Hast, come away, make no delay  
 revenge thy spouses wrong.  
 By night as I on bed do lie,  
 (in dark affliction)  
 I seek and cry yet cannot spy  
 my souls beloved one.

I of the watchmen then inquire  
 yet learn'd not where he was,  
 I got their wound, not yet him found,  
 but thence as I did pass,

Him

Him that my Soul does love, I found  
 and then I held him fast;  
 Till in my bosom I him bound,  
 in mothers chambers, plac'd  
 Nothing shall now his 'bode disease  
 his rest shall glorious be;  
 With *Sion's* peace, all troubles cease;  
 in Joy's eternity.

---

## 16 Hymne.

*A Sigh for King Jesus.*

**O** Holy one thy blessed Throne,  
 thy Saints do long to see,  
 In every Nation thy new creation,  
 and Christ in's own beauty.  
 The creatures groan to see that Throne,  
 the Prophets have foretold;  
 When he that bare our sin, must wear  
 Crowns above Ophirs Gold.  
 At thy right hand, our King does stand,  
 this world begins to reel;  
 The whore of *Rome*, let feel her doom,  
 why stayes thy Chariot wheel!

C

When

When shall our eyes see him arise,  
 in favour unto Sion?  
 Her precious dust, all pity must,  
 that wait for Judas Lion.

Lord hast the day, assume the prey,  
 this old world so subdue:  
 And of thy power both day and hour,  
 we'l sing the Lambs Song new.

---

17 Hymne:

*A Royal Song.*

**A** Wake my Heart, perform thy part,  
 doors everlasting ope,  
 To sing a Song that doth belong  
 to Christ our blessed hope.  
 These doleful jarrs and dreadful wars,  
 his Glory that forerun,  
 Only proclaim his blessed name  
 is near; his work near done.

Tho' the black signs, are doleful lines,  
 of what succeeds e're long,  
 Yet the effect (to all th' Elect)  
 will issue in a Song.

Then

Then he that came first as a Lamb,  
to expiate our sin ;  
Shall without sin, once come again,  
and then his reign begin.

Then shall be none of *Babels* Throne  
then all things hee'l restore  
To liberty; and Judges he  
will settle as before.

---

## 18 Hymn.

*On Christs Intercession, a New Song.*

## 1st. Part.

**N**OW blessed be our God of hope,  
and Christ our Advocate.  
The way to blis that has set ope,  
to such' in darkness fate.  
He in our Flesh, dy'd, rose, ascends,  
now sits on thy right hand,  
That he all Isles, and the earths ends,  
might have at his command.

(Says he) these Souls my blood, has bought,  
and it on them i'll sprinkle,  
My patrimony to have I ought  
without a spot or wrinkle.

The freeness of thy choice, I plead  
 O make it good to me,  
 For all thou gav'st I interceed,  
 and them i'll lead to thee.

Oh then in Christ joy and believe,  
 'tis now but ask and have ;  
 Your prayers by him, God will receive,  
 and from the wicked save.  
 Before we were, he did obtain,  
 (and sprinkled now, we are ;)  
 That we on earth, with him should raign,  
 in answer to his prayer.

Are you afraid God will not hear ?  
 he minds Christ Intercession ;  
 Your King when's wrath, begins to tear,  
 will never loose possession.

---

19 Hymn.

*The Believers possession in Christs Intercession.*

2d. Part.

**I**N Christ Oh now rejoyce,  
 that for our Souls doth plead,  
 Who can accuse, whom Christ doth choose,  
 and for them interceed. Shall

Shall sin, or Satan band,  
to nonsuit faith and prayer,  
Yea if they stand, at our right hand ;  
at Gods, Christ does appear.

The voice of Christs dear blood,  
things better for us speaks,  
Before Gods face, in's holy place ;  
the Serpents head it breaks.  
and tho' God yet delay  
to answer long-made cryes,  
He'fore the Throne, of God is gone  
there in our stead, supplies.

His Vine he'l save, and keep,  
that he from *Agypt* brought ;  
None shall molest its quiet rest,  
since Christ with's blood it bought.  
No weapon form'd shall be  
'gainst *Sion* prosperous then ;  
Both great and small, will perish all  
ith' way : even so. Amen.

Let our *Immanuel*, then  
be blest both now, and aye:  
He's that annoynted, God has appointed  
Ore all : *Halelujah*.



20 *Hymn.**Zions complaint to her King.*

1st. Part.

O Lord give ear to the complaint  
 of thy dear *Sions* Hill,  
 VVhose sighs and fears, with voice of tears  
 Gods ayer and ears does fill.  
 Full sixteen hundred years ago,  
 Her King went up on high,  
 To intercede; but promised,  
 to come at midnight cry.

My King (cry's she) absents from me  
 at which my foes do mock,  
 And I forlorne with grief am worn,  
 deserted of my Rock;  
 My precious Saints are slain, or saint  
 my stones are poured forth,  
 My walls are down and golden Crown  
 trampled, as of no worth.

My glorious hopes of future good  
 lyes under deaths dark shade.  
 My martyr'd Sons through Seas of blood  
 unto their Thrones do wade.  
 Thy prisoners of hope redeem,  
 revenge our spite and wrong,  
 VVe cry and say, make no delay,  
 But thou, O Lord! how long?

*The*

## 21 Hymn.

*The Song of Faith, in the night, seeking Christ.*

2d. Part.

**M**Y soul doth seek, inquire, and long  
for thee my stay and strength,  
My heart in hopes warbles its song  
thee to enjoy at length.

For in this barren wilderness  
nothing but droughts, I find  
I flee to Christ in my distress;  
yet still am left behind !

Then like the Hart I breath and pant  
after the water brooks :  
And when I find them not, I faint,  
casting to heaven my looks.  
Oh who will give one sight, a beam  
of Christ that sits above  
That floods of peace and joy may stream  
exporting Faith, and Love.

*Zion* sits widow in the dark  
as tho' shee had no King ;  
This scene er'e long will turn ; then hark,  
we shall arise and sing.  
For lo ! He comes that absent was,  
his Kingdom to receive,  
And tho' dark clouds afore him pass,  
(Not seeing) let's beleive.

C 4

For

## 22 Hymn.

*For the fall of Idols.*

**H**O come and bow before the Lord  
 in reverent holy fear,  
 Rejoyce according to his word,  
 in Songs approach him near.  
 For sure confusion is to all  
 that serve dumb Stocks and Stones,  
 And to their own inventions fall;  
 him serve ye holy ones!

Their sorrows shall be multiply'd  
 that graven Idols serve;  
 Yea Sons of *Levi* must be try'd  
 that make God's *Israel* swerve.  
 Then *Sion* shall rejoyce herein  
 and *Judah* shall be glad:  
 And all that have compell'd to sin,  
 with *Babel* must be sad.

Such Vials shall on *Babel* fall,  
 will make her helpers mourn,  
 Her Crown, and lofty Cedars tall,  
 (crop't by Christs hand) must burn.  
 Then shall the people of all Lands,  
 to Christ their offerings bring:  
*Ethiope* with *Israel* stretch their hands,  
 all, Hallelujahs sing.

23 *Hymn.*

*A Hymn fighting for Christ, in a Letter sent to  
Mrs. S. W.*

**M**Ake hast my love, and only dove,  
on wing of morning hast,  
Refute my fears, wipe of my tears,  
his new wine let me tast?  
Tho' I suspect I'm non-Elect,  
and so his love deny'd,  
That would releive, could I beleive,  
he does the same abide.

Now let the Sun, and day fast run,  
my fears shall terminate.  
To think with joy, that Christ and I  
in blifs shall be compleat.  
Then hast, prepare, all ye that are  
wife Virgins: ready trim  
Your Lamps bring; come, loe your Bridegroom  
is near, go to meet him.

For if his door be shut, before you have  
your Lamps trim'd up,  
Beyond all doubt, you'l be shut out;  
and never with him sup.

## 24 Hymn.

*A 2d. singing for Christ Kingdom.*

**M**Ost glorious King, thy Saints do sing  
 in hopes to see thy day  
 When every Crown comes tumbling down  
 that thine may stand for age.  
 Why ought we pray, and thus to say  
 as thou dost us command,  
 Thy Kingdom come, and will be done,  
 if foes it still withstand ?

How says thy word that Christ our Lord  
 is sole bless't Potentate ;  
 Why should his cross, become our loss  
 or serve a worldly state.  
 That glorious tree on which blest he  
 did suffer shame and scorn ;  
 On which he spil'd his blood, did yield  
 true life to us forlorn.

And shall his cross, become our loss,  
 his glory turn our shame ?  
 Nay ! surely those that him oppose  
 shall bow to's royal name.

This

## 25 Hymn.

*This song does the beleivers day  
And future triumph's, fair display*

Sing to the Lord ye holy ones,  
ye Saints lift up your head,  
And shout aloud, for in this cloud,  
Christ will his glory spread.  
What tho' your sight is not so bright,  
faith in the dark can grope,  
And feel such union, as gives communion,  
oh! then rejoyce in hope.

For Christ our hope, having with sope  
our sins all washed clean  
In *Moabs* pot, then shall no spot  
on *Zion* more be seen.  
Her blood, and fears, her sighs and tears,  
for ever now shall cease:  
No flames can scorch this first-born Church:  
but rather joys increase.

No *Cana*'nite shall dwell in's sight  
nor pricking thorn, or brier:  
No hypocrite, with Lillies white,  
shall grow: but disappear.

Now

Now will all Saints, turn their complaints  
to lofty tunes of joy;

'Cause *Judah's* Lion, is King in *Zion*;  
and none shall more destroy.

Oh then let all Saints, great and small,  
expect this glorious day,  
Your Summer's near, its flowers appear,  
Lord hast, and come away.

*Cant.* 2. 11, 12. *Luk.* 21. 28, 30.

---

26 Hymn.

*An Hymn of Christ's Cross, and Crown following it.*

**W**Hen man was made God to him said,  
of each Tree freely take,  
I have them set all to be meat,  
thy appetite to flake.  
But wretched he, his inn'cency  
through that forbidden fruit,  
He freely left, so was bereft  
of mans state ; like a bruit.

Now as that tree did prove to be  
the cause of all our Fall,  
So by this tree, (Christ's cross) we be  
redeem'd, and saved all.

Tho'



Tho' on this cross our Lord the loss,  
 sustained of his life,  
 Yet so did he th' Elect set free,  
 from sin and death, (so rise.)

Now Paradise most open lyes  
 life's tree's to none forbidd'n  
 Christ serves for food, both sweet, and good;  
 he is that *Manna* hidden.

As by a woman our death (in common)  
 on all mankind did rest,  
 So now should come of Virgin womb  
 both grace and life, most blest.

27 *Hymn.*

The 2d. part.

**A**Nd now Gods call is cry'd to all,  
 to come believe and take him,  
 Both Christ and Lord, and so his sword,  
 shall (*nolens volens*) make him,  
 Behold what signs in bloody lines,  
 before him do appear,  
 Sure he's not far, hark how the war,  
 doth of the Lamb draw near.

As

As once he dy'd, and signifi'd  
 through bloody lines of his love.  
 So now that curse and sin that's worse,  
 from Saints he doth remove.  
 Remember Lord, how much thy word  
 of his exalting speaks,  
 Hasten that crown of *Babel* down,  
 for he all Scepters breaks.

Shall ever more, that Romish whore,  
 our British Islands sway?  
 Hasten her doom, thy Kingdom come;  
 O now Lord come away  
 Then every nation; thy new Creation;  
 and all things glad shall be:  
 When Christ alone, set on his Throne,  
 in's beauty Saints shall see.

---

## 28 Hymn.

*A Lamentation for England.*

**A** Wake my muse thy bow to use,  
 utter a Lamentation:  
 That Romish whore knocks at the door  
 of this our English Nation.

That

That man of sin, with her comes in  
 (the Dragon laid the Plot)  
 The Eagles spread, o're Lions head ;  
 if God prevent it not.

We are in danger thorow Gods (fierce) anger  
 if Christ be not our help

By Jebusites or Jesuits,  
 to loose the Lions whelp.

The Dragon tries how to surprize,  
 the Womans relict Seed,

Unless that Sword of Christ (his word)  
 do wound his head, with speed.

Oh woful day if she bears sway,  
 agen in these our Lands,

Gods Saints she'l make, burn at a stake :  
 and break Christs holy bands.

But Lord arise, her sacrifice  
 in stead of *Zion* make :

O let *Rome* fall (beast, horns, and all)  
 for Christ, and Martyrs sake.

Faiths

## 29 Hymn.

*Faiths breath in a Swoun, (sent a Friend in a Letter.)*

**T**Ho' once (my dear) I felt thee near  
 yet wist not whom you art  
 Now through this hole, i'le feed my soul  
 with sight, to stay my heart.  
 I thought that he did come to be  
 no transient, but in-dweller,  
 But now he's gone ! my soul finds none  
 that where he rests, can tell her.

I seek the street, and fain wou'd meet  
 my choice belov'd, most dear,  
 Sometimes I find him, yet do not mind him,  
 which makes him disappear :  
 Why does thy face (Lord full of grace)  
 eclipsed still remain,  
 Thy will be done ; but here i'le moan  
 till I thy face regain.

Down at thy feet, (as it is meet)  
 O bow all earthly things :  
 Make all adore thy face before ;  
 sprinkle all Lands, and Kings.

*Apant-*

## 30 Hymn.

*A panting sigh, for Sions King ;  
Whose coming doth Salvation bring.*

**O**H thou to whom praises pertain  
all Majesty and might ;  
Thy glorious Scepter sway, and reign  
before thine Enemies sight ;  
For 1600 years behold  
thy Saints (baptiz'd in blood)  
Have for a pray, to beasts been sold,  
and eat (in tears) their food.

Stirr up thy self in Righteousness,  
vengeance (as cloak) put on ;  
Thy zeal for *Sions* Sons express,  
proud *Babels* whore upon.  
Thy watchman on our walls appoint,  
let them see eye to eye,  
Saviours, and Sons of oyl, anoint  
that shall their Lord stand by.

Those mighty ones that plot our harm  
let them begin to fall,  
That Trumpet let it sound their 'larm,  
and judge them great and small.

Of mercy then and judgment too;  
thy Saints shall sing and joy,  
For God will utterly undo,  
all that our peace annoy.

Thy Scepter then, our Isles shall bless  
with truth, and peace for aye,  
The Sword, of violence Lord suppress;  
Lord hast that blissful day.

---

31 Hymn.

*Here Saints do mourn, as Turtle Dove;  
For Christs return, that now's above.*

**O**H Sions King and only Spouse!  
How long wilt thou withdraw,  
From thy dear Heritage and house?

The Isles wait for thy Law.  
Hark how thy Turtles, Lord, do mourn,  
to clefts o'th' rock they flee,  
When shall our day and Sun return,  
and we his glory see?

Thou answer'st prayers by terrible signs;  
O God, in righteousness;  
Thy cov'nant (writ with bloody lines)  
gives hopes thou'lt yet us bless.

We

We at thy tokens are affraid;  
 the nations rush and swell;  
 Religion but a scorn is made;  
 to them amongst us dwell.  
 Oh now thine Iron rod lift up,  
 (as once on *Egypt's* Land,)  
 To Beast and whore transmit that cup  
 of trembling, in our hand.

Of favour t' us some token show;  
 some sign presaging good;  
 Let all thy, righteous vengeance know,  
 That spilt our precious blood.  
 Then in our land, thy saved flock,  
 shall thee praise, and adore.  
 And in the lamb, our King and Rock,  
 rejoyce for evermore.

## 32 Hymn.

*An Hymn of a soul burning in love after Christ's  
 return.*

**M**Y soul doth thirst with hot desire,  
 in love it burns for thee,  
 Lord put not out such holy fire,  
 but in't descend to me.  
 Before thee my iniquity  
 O do not set in wrath;  
 But justify, and me espy  
 righteous, alone by Faith.



From me thine anger turn away  
 (life in thy favour lyes)  
 Visit my soul without delay,  
 and listen to my cries.  
 How long Lord wilt' th' absent remain  
 whilst Saints in darkness dwell,  
 Repeat thy wondrous works again;  
 so wee'l thy glory tell.

Oh what a joyful day 'twil be,  
 to all in mourning state?  
 The Lord exalt alone to see.  
 the lofty desolate.  
 Then cool times of refreshing shall,  
 on parched souls descend,  
 Hail on the whore and beast will fall,  
 to *Sion*, wrath to end.

Oh then all ye that do belong,  
 to Christ believe and say  
 Make hast to come: Oh dear Bridegroom  
 judge, raig; *Halelujah*. (Amen.)

## 33 Hymn.

*Christ, and the beloved, enjoying, after longings.*

**H**Ark, O my Soul, hee's come!  
 my love for whom I fought  
 My burning ceases, and joy increases,  
 since peace, to me he brought.

My

My great unworthiness,  
 and sins he has forgiven,  
 My Faith gives vision, like that fruition,  
 the Saints possesse in heaven.

This world I now despise;  
 things that far better are  
 I do foretast, but best (at last)  
 he doth for me prepare,  
 Tho' in this Vale of tears,  
 I oft did clouded lye :  
 Yet in his book, I wishly look,  
 and there his face do spye.

Tho' sons of *Belial* now  
 this earth (accurst) possess :  
 All wrath shall cease, and Christ with pea-  
 this world (at last) will bless.  
 My conversation then,  
 shall still in heaven remain,  
 And thence, I still my hopes will fill,  
 Jesus shall come and reign.

Hope in thy promise, is  
 (tho' distant) wondrous sweet ;  
 O then what grace, to see his face ?  
 When all bow at his feet.

*Psal,*

## 34 Hymn.

Psalm. 118. 22.

**I**N God let's all triumph;  
 that Stone that men despis'd,  
 Is now become the corner stone  
 most highly to be pris'd,  
 Oh joyful day indeed,  
 Gods act most marvelous;  
 Then let us cry *Hosannahs* high;  
 (on earth) Lord prosper us.

Glory to God on high,  
 praise unto Christ our King;  
 Peace and good-will the earth let fill,  
 prosperity now O bring.  
 O let that little stone,  
 Cut out, (not by mans hands)  
 The Image beat, growing so great  
 till it shall fill all Lands. Amen.

## 35 Hymn.

*A cry 'gainst Babels whore.*

**O** God to whom vengeance pertains,  
 revenge the blood and wrong,  
 That *Sion* (for thy sake) sustains;  
 (thy Lilly) thorns among.

Lift up thy feet, hast to behold,  
 our sighs, our griefs, and fears;  
 Repay them that have been so bold,  
 to mix our blood with tears,

Make Inquisition swift, and full,  
 after that whorish state.  
 That to her former sins, doth pull  
 blood guiltyness, of late,  
 Lord make them like a wheel, O power  
 thy last hot vials on those,  
*Immanuel's* Isle that would devour,  
 and Christ thy Sun depose.

This shall the heavens with joy affect,  
 Apostles, Martyrs too :  
 For all that *Sion* do afflict,  
 thou'lt utterly undo,  
 Yea all the earth shall shout and ring,  
 sufferers be crown'd with bay  
 All *Sions* mourners then will sing,  
 Amen, *Hallelujah*.

## 36 Hymn.

*Faith's triumph over all  
 Sions Enemies, and adversities.*

**T**He Lord is *Sions* Sun and Shield,  
 from perils he us keeps  
 Light he and safety us does yield,  
 who slumbers not, nor sleeps. Talk

Talk not so proudly, ye that plot  
 your mischeifs on your Beds  
 For God, that sees, decrees your  
 'twill fall on your own head.

Tho' God a bitter Cup, constrain  
 his people first to tast,  
 The dregs of ire (unmixt) remain,  
 for *Sions* foes, at last.  
 Gods furnace, *Sions* filth' and tinn,  
 shall sepp'rate (like the dross,)  
 And when he has consum'd our sin,  
 then hee'l transfer our cross.

Then all, that mischief have devis'd  
 shall by their counsels fall,  
 And in their own nets be surpriz'd :  
 yet *Sion* 'scape withal.  
 For God hath sworn, (not to repent)  
 his hands upon his throne ;  
 All that against his King are bent,  
 that hand, shall break each one.

Ye Sons of *Sion* then be glad,  
 shout of your King and say  
 Behold he comes in vengeance clad,  
 you to reward. *Selah.*  
 Lord break the wickeds Arms and Bands,  
 and like a wheel them make,  
 Snare them i'th works of their own hands,  
 for Christs and *Sions* sake. *This*

## 37 Hymn.

*This Hymn's a precatory ode,  
 'Gainst all the Enemies of God.*

O God our Rock and *Isra'ls* stone  
 Lift up thy mighty arm,  
 To save thy Flock, for thou alone  
 canst rescue Lambs from harm.  
 O break the wick'ds arm, and might  
 against us that conspire,  
 And let them melt before thy sight,  
 as wax before the fire.

Thick clouds of blood o're us increase  
 to save, O give command,  
 And from the *Assyrian* (for our peace,)  
 O let our *Michael* stand,  
 Thy Vine hath long been watered,  
 with Christs blood and her own.  
 Our bones long have been scattered  
 our King kept from his throne.

For *Sions* controverse' Lord rise,  
 visit this vale of Vision;  
 Ye mighty ones descend likewise  
 bring all things to decision.  
 Then shall our storms, turn into calms,  
 our pricking thorns to bayes,  
 Our (Dove-like) mournings into Psalms,  
 our sighs, and feares to praise.

38. *Hymn.*

*An hymn full of complaints.  
To Christ King of the Saints.*

**T**HOU Lord of hosts most high,  
whose Chariots Angels are,  
Hark to the plaints of all thy Saints,  
thine arm to save, make bare.  
The Serpent now's in hope,  
his deadly wound to heal,  
The whore does think, more blood to drink,  
and witness grave-stones Seal.

Rise Lord them disappoint,  
O save thy Turtle Dove;  
Thy times appoint, Saviours t' annoint,  
to rescue those thee love.  
Feirce Lions at us roar,  
Foxes, with craft, combine,  
And we have none; save thee alone;  
to pity; Oh incline.

The Whore judge; and avenge  
the blood of all thy slain;  
The man of sin, break; and bring in  
the Son of God's blest reign,  
How long shall *Sions* paines,  
of that Man-child delay?  
Hast on that Birth; to rule the earth,  
Lord Jesus! come away. Thine

Thine Iron rod lift up,  
thy foes to shivers bray,  
Prevent our fears, wipe off all tears;  
Raign thou O Lamb, for ay.

## 39 Hymn.

*A Song of that Redemption day,  
That our Adoption, doth display,*

*Exod. 19. 4. Psalm 148. 14. Rom. 8. 23;*  
1st. Part,

**S**ing and rejoyce, ye holy ones,  
Gods Citizens most (free)  
In him that hath you sav'd from wrath,  
adopted Sons to be.  
Herein your priviledg does lye  
To God you are brought near;  
But no compare of what we are,  
to what we shall appear.

Those sighs and supplications all  
that in his spirit ascend  
Before his throne; shall ev'ry one  
in joy, and praises end.

Then all that for Adoption wait  
shall full redemption have,  
Christ shall releive, all that believe,  
and ransom from the Grave,

Tho'



Tho' our corrupt bodies of clay  
 will to vile worms meat, fade  
 Changed, at Resurrection day,  
 they glorious shall be made.  
 Then let us all, both great and small  
 ascribe blessing for ay ;  
 To *Jah's* great name, and to the Lamb  
 sing songs : *Halelujah*.

## 40 Hymn.

## The 2d. part.

**T**O Christ *Jehovah* now let's sing  
 That has redeem'd us free,  
 From Hell beneath from curse, and death,  
 Grave ! where's thy victory ?  
 By conquests men Trophies procure,  
 and earthly glory win ;  
 By sufferings, crosses, by death and losses,  
 Christ killed both death, and sin.

Our priviledge to call God Father  
 is wondrous high and great,  
 A look. or kiss below, is bliss  
 but O then what's his seat ?  
 To sit on thrones 'mongst glorious ones  
 Angels, and Saints, on high ;  
 Oh that's a sight, full of delight,  
 but what's his face to spy ?

To see that blest *Zion* of God,  
 for which none seek, few care;  
 Redeem'd from sin, clad, and led in,  
 where endless pleasures are:  
 To see that *Babylonian* whore  
 consuming in Gods ire,  
 But Christ exalted on Gods throne,  
 of Nations that desire.

To see Christs chain on Satans raig  
 a 1000 years, until  
 His fiery seat God's troops defeat: *Gog's*  
 so ends, Gods holy will.  
 Oh then who can their songs refrain  
 but must in tri'umph say?  
 Glory, and pow'r each day, and hour  
 be to the Lamb, for ay.

41. *Hymn.*

## The 3d. Part.

**O**H blessed be Christs glorious name,  
 for what his blood did merit,  
 Our full release; and perfect peace,  
 both sealed by his Spirit.  
 How can we doubt we are cast out  
 since blood, our entrance in,  
 Has freely given into his heaven,  
 renting that vail of sin.

This

This Lamb of God himself once trod  
 Gods wine-press, for our sin:  
 And still doth tread: and interceed,  
 by's blessed spirit within:  
 Such sighs and groans his holy ones  
 still offer 'fore his face,  
 Till Captives be, victors, and free,  
 advanc't to heavenly place.

But Lord thou hast more Grapes to cast  
 to th' winepress of thy Father,  
 Thine Harvest reap, or 'e Mountains leap  
 the Vine o'th' Earth, O gather.  
 Make *Babels* whore, naked and poor,  
 Let Saints (so long oppress'd)  
 Fill to her double, that cup of trouble,  
 that thine may come to rest.

Then eccho's fill mount *Zion's* hill,  
 and Saints Gods Harps will hear,  
 And see Christs bride, set at his side,  
 both Palms and Crowns to wear.

## 42 Hymn.

4th. Part. (in another Tune.)

Sing unto Jah ye Saints,  
 loud *Halelujahs* bring,  
 Alone to him that did redeem,  
 our souls from perishing.

He

He sav'd us (only he)  
 from sin and slavery  
 He dearly bought, and for us fought,  
 (tho' lost) Gods Sons to be.

The price was precious blood  
 that Righteousness did his merit,  
 Life was reveal'd by faith, and seal'd  
 in first-fruits of Spirit.  
 This earnest paid before  
 (of the whole purchas't summi-)  
 Did us secure, he would be sure  
 to pay't, when he should come.

Thus being ascended high  
 and set at Gods right hand,  
 Promis't again, to come and reign,  
 o're all that him withstand.  
 For God has said and sworn,  
 and will most surely do't  
 His Enemies that him despise  
 shall bow and kiss his foot.

Then Kings and Captains cry  
 ye Rocks us save, oh hide,  
 From the Lambs wrath, that now he hath;  
 Oh who shall that abide ?

## 43 Hymn.

*The joy, that our deliv'rance brings,  
All o're the Earth, and Islands, rings.*

**L**ord Jesus when wilt thou again  
return with righteousness  
Thy Scepter's due, and promise true  
And sure, we must confess.  
Shall men detain, thy promis't reign,  
th' Almighty keep in's tomb  
O let us see him King to be  
when his full time, is come.

Then this our Land shall by thy hand,  
of justice, yield subjection,  
If thou O God, lift's up thy rod,  
who shall not fear correction.  
Or'e our dry bones, thy spirit groans  
working in Saints compassion,  
Live from the dust, yea reign we must:  
with thee desire of Nations.

That couchant Lion, passant mount *Sion*,  
from's den, rampant will run  
To change (o're run) that Turkish Moon,  
and darken th' Roman Sun.  
Them both, hee'l stain, when Christ does reign  
in's glorious Majesty,  
Whose light shall fill mount *Sions* Hill,  
'fore's ancients gloriously,

O then

O then let's sing, that love this King  
 cry gladly *Hosannah*,  
 Thy Kingdom come, and will be done.  
 Amen. *Hallelujah*.

44 *Hymn.*

*Salvation told John in exile,  
 Is here expected, in this Isle.*

YE Elders of the Lamb that are  
 attending at his Throne,  
 With palms, (white Robes) your selves prepare  
 to follow him each one.  
 For now he lives that once was slain,  
 whose blood redeem'd th' Elect,  
 His horns of power, assert his raign,  
 his eyes hidden wiles, detect.

Salvation give to God, we ought,  
 and to the Lamb all might,  
 Satan from Heaven is thrust, that fought  
 to accuse us, day and night.  
 That beast whose power upheld the whore  
 its horns hate and conspire ;  
 To make her des'late, nak't. and poor ;  
 and burn her flesh with fire.

That word and blood which victory,  
 for his first suffe'ers wone ;  
 To Songs of Triumph turn'd shall be  
 when th' *Armageddon's*, done.      E      Quick

Quick and short work God will effect,  
 on earth, for's people's sake,  
 (In pity to his own elect,)  
 the days hee'l shorter make.  
 Christ on's white horse to us is show'n,  
 (as the last King) to ride ;  
 And new *Jerusalem* (next) comes down,  
 adorn'd to be his Bride.

'Then Angels, Elders, (Saints and all)  
*Hojannahs* to him bring,  
 And 'fore his footstool great and small,  
 let *Halelnjahs* sing.

## 45 Hymn.

*Whom God does into's cov'nant take,  
 Them he delivers, for s own name sake.*

**G**Od of all Grace, now, blessed be,  
 that sinners fall'n from him,  
 Hee's pleas'd, by cov'nant, sure and free ;  
 and blood, them to redeem.  
 The gifts and calls of God, are free,  
 if he will cov'nant make :  
 Unworthiness no let shall be,  
 he saves for's own name sake.

From *Egypt* God his *Isra'l* brought  
 to th' promis'd Land of rest ;  
 For them (again) from *Babel* sought,  
 (because, there, fore oppress'd)

So Lord ! from *Babel* myſtical,  
 Thy *Zion* call, and take:  
 Let her, and her proud *Nimrods* fall ;  
 Oh ! for thy mercies ſake.

Lord pardon, purge, and heal our land.  
 that thine thou may's't us make ;  
 Our full deliv'rance Lord command,  
 for Chriſt's and *Zions* ſake.  
 Then joyful Songs here ſhall be ſung :  
 for God will perfect make,  
 The work ſo wond'rouſly, begunn ;  
 ſwift veng'ance then hee'l take.

Then Saints before your King, rejoyce,  
 behold he comes, again ;  
 To judg, and fight, with Trumpets noiſe  
 Now Lord, come quick ; Amen:

## 46 Hymn.

*This hymn is Zions lamenting Song,  
 With whom her Sons cry Lord how long.*

**L**ord God of Hoſts how long,  
 wilt thou thy work delay ?  
 Oh come get done what tho'st begun  
 for thee in hope we ſtay.  
*Zion* long doth complain,  
 and weeps i'th' wilderneſs  
 Says, i'm alone, my Sons are gone,  
 Lord pittie my diſtreſs.



My Garden fence lies wast,  
 on Earth I have no Friend,  
 My bleeding stanch, O *Jesse's* Branch!  
 my buds from death defend.  
 These subtil Foxes spoil,  
 that tear my Grapes so tender;  
 All that pass by, do pluck, and cry;  
 now let her King, defend her.

But yet i'le rest in hope,  
 my head retains affection  
 He past through death; his lively breath,  
 shall give me Resurrection.  
 Our Lamentations shall  
 terminate in great joy,  
 Then falls the Throne, of *Babylon*,  
 for God will her destroy.

From th' utmost ends of Earth,  
*Hosannah's* heard shall be,  
 Our Isles shall sing to *Jah*, and bring  
 praise to Eternity.

## 47 Hymn.

*The Thirsty Soul being set on fire,  
 With Love for Christ, pants in desire.*

1 ft. part.

**D**Raw nigh thou whom my Soul doth love!  
 mine eye on thee is fixt,  
 Save thee alone, object i've none;  
 all other joys are mixt.

Oh

Oh may I see thy blessed face,  
 Than heaven it self more sweet,  
 If this I may not (yet) i'le stay  
 below, and kiss thy feet.

I have been long confin'd and tofs't  
 wandering like *Noahs Dove* ;  
 For here is no true rest below,  
 Lord 'tis in thee above.  
 If I thy face yet may not see,  
 thou bids me, it to seek,  
 And sure fulfil his word, God will,  
 o'th' Earth, to all the meek.

They that him seek the Lord shall praise  
 their hearts for aye shall live,  
 True hunger is, Gods way to bliss,  
 on's word, then let's believe.  
 Tho' darknes oft thy face eclipse,  
 and hides thee from my sight,  
 Yet will I stay for him, alway ;  
 for all his paths are right.

And tho' i'm in the deeps low cast,  
 to him i'le look again ;  
 That flouds can quell, and save from Hell ;  
 for over all hee'l reign.

## 48 Hymn.

*The Souls desires themselves do wast,  
Of Christ to see, or hear, or tast.*

(2d. Part.)

**T**His one thing needful Lord I seek,  
(and that one thing's my all)  
But for the same I on thy name,  
(till I obtain t) will call :  
That I may in thy presence dwell,  
and after-Christ inquire ;  
For in thy face, all joy I place ;  
and that's my whole desire :

This when I seek, but cannot see,  
my Faith and Hope's delay'd,  
Despair gets in, and so to sin,  
and Satan i'm betray'd :  
How long (Lord) shall my Soul be tost,  
'twixt hopes, and cloudy fears ?  
Shew me thy face, so full of grace,  
remove my clouds, and tears.

Our souls still long to see the day,  
when our *Immanuel*,  
That Lamb of God, makes his abode,  
On *Sion* Hill to dwell.  
But if my Bridegroom yet deferr,  
i'll wait his blessed time,  
For either he will come, or we  
shall shortly go to him.

Then

Then conflicts end in victory,  
 our sighs, turn into praise;  
 This long dark night, ta' morning bright,  
 that Saints may sing always.

## 49 Hymne.

*Love in desire, with panting brest,  
 Pursues, enquires, for Christ its rest.*

(3d. Part.)

**M**Y Soul (Lord)'s in a desert dry,  
 where waters there are none,  
 It longs to spy, thy Majesty,  
 and for thee makes its moan.  
 To see thy beauty, glory 'pear,  
 Oh how would that delight?  
 So to come near, (in holy fear,)  
 and joy before thy sight.

For all my joys (here) sorrows breed,  
 this world yeilds not content;  
 'Tis Christ indeed, alone can feed :  
 to *Siloe's* well, i'm sent.

When I the fiery poyson'd sting  
 do of the Serpent find,  
 Then by looking on Christ my King,  
 heal'd is my heart and mind.

When I thy count'nance can obtain,  
 and in't my pardon read;  
 And views (again) his Royal raign,  
 now Faith begins to feed. E. 4. Such

Such fight then makes me cry aloud,  
 here Lord 'tis good to stay !  
 Then in a Cloud, my Lord does shroud  
 and hide himself away.

Then from my Mount descend do I  
 t'a vale of tears, and say :  
 Yet hope will I, day spring t' espy,  
 and sing all tears away.

## 50 Hymn.

*The Soul espying through the door,  
 Its fair beloved longs therefore.*

(4th. Part.)

**L**ord Jesus let thy (Sun-like) face,  
 shine all my darkness out,  
 That I may of thy saving Grace,  
 and love be out of doubt.  
 Sometimes (tho't be not sought) thy face  
 thou 'rt pleas'd to let us see ;  
 Such arbitrary acts of grace,  
 now show again, to me.

Thou bids us ask, yea seek and knock,  
 then sure thou'lt to us ope ;  
 No bars are strong enough ; no lock  
 can shut the door of hope.  
 If my belov'd still shut me out,  
 and say see me, no more ;  
 Yet will I look (standing without)  
 in by the hole o'th' door.      Tho'

Tho' Clouds and darkness us surrounds,  
 and *Sion's* flames grow hot ;  
 His heart in Holy love abounds ;  
 forget his own ; hee'l not.  
 'Tis good to live by Faith, whilst here,  
 in darkness, t' hope for light ;  
 When we in perfect light, appear  
 then full shall be our sight.

## 51 Hymn.

*The Councils of Achitophels  
 To be defeat this hymn foretells:*

1st Part. *Psal.* 9, 16, 17.

**W**onderful Councillor and King ;  
 thou righteous art, and wise,  
 On wicked men their crafts to bring,  
 that mischiefs did devise.  
 For they work in the dark and deep,  
 their wiles do seek to hide,  
 Mistaking God to be asleep :  
 while he has all espy'd.

Tush ! then they say, can God regard  
 what mischiefs we do hatch ?  
 Yes he'l retaliate ; and reward ;  
 your gins your feet shall catch.  
 By judgments, execute that are,  
 the Lord is known alway,  
 Their own works are the wicked's snare ;  
*Higgaion ! sing. Selah.*

This

This to a future age, record,  
 for people uncreate  
 To read; how wickedness (abhorr'd)  
 God did retaliate.  
 Then men shall surely say, and sing,  
 for just men, is reward;  
 The Earth to judgment God will bring:  
 the suffering-meek regard.

Whoso is wise t' observe and tell  
 and such like things record,  
 These prudent ones shall know right well.  
 the kindness of the Lord.

## 52 Hymn.

*The more men hate; (O Lord above)  
 Vouchsafe the more of thy free love.*

(2d. Part.)

**Y**E Saints of the most high!  
 Come and behold his deeds,  
 That he alone (unsought) has done,  
 for them he keeps and feeds.  
 The Foxes do conspire,  
 to spoyl Gods tender Vine,  
 Then Providence, became its fence,  
 this Vineyard Lord is thine

Then of it, let us sing,  
 none surely hurt it may,  
 He never sleeps that watches keeps,  
 and waters 't night and day:

Men

Men subtile may conspire,  
and digg as deep as Hell,  
God sees and smiles, and blasts their wiles  
for he in heav'n do's dwell.

For he doth *Zion* love,  
and walks her Towers round,  
Proud *Babylon*, falls from her throne,  
God will her props confound.  
Her *Cedars* God will fell,  
her Sea, and springs dry up ;  
For *Zions* sake, God will her make  
to drink on's sevenfoul'd cup.

Be thou exalt'd O God,  
all humane Glory stain :  
That so thy Son, on ev'ry Throne,  
may then sole Monarch reign.

53 Hymn.

*An hymn of the turning away  
Of Gods anger from his people.*

*As Psal, 85. 1, 3. and Isaiah 12, 1. — 5.  
(In partly Complaint, partly Comfort.)*

**H**OW long Lord shall thine anger burn  
against thy Pasture sheep ?  
O let thy favour soon return :  
still do not fury keep.

This



This wafts our life, and spirits away  
 our sins upon us bind,  
 From it our foes presume to say  
 our comforter's unkind.

Oh turn to us thy smiling face,  
 return our hearts again;  
 And turn thine hand on them apace  
 that will not Christ should reign.  
 Then when thy fury's turn'd away,  
 and God us comfort brings  
 Thence we with joy shall waters draw,  
 from our Salvations springs.

Then *Sion*, with her King, shall shout,  
 o're *Babels* helpers all;  
 and all her Children, round about,  
 do sing at *Babels* fall.  
 The Lamb then sitting on the Throne,  
 them by clear springs will guide,  
 And wipe away the tears (each one)  
 that from our eyes, did glide.

## 54 Hymn.

*The Virgins sigh for their Bridegroom.*

*Matth. 25. 1. - 7.*

**Y**E Virgins chaste, go forth in haste  
 your Lamps light up and trim,  
 For by and by that midnight cry  
 will call you to meet him.

Your

Your dear Bridegroom's about to come,  
 and warns you to prepare,  
 For 'tis unkind, to sleep behind.  
 if you wile, Virgins are.  
 Let grace give light (as Oyl) most bright  
 to all the world about,  
 For if you sleep, you can't well keep  
 your Lamps from going out.

Then wrath and wo will be unto  
 such slumbring Virgins ; when  
 The Bridegrooms door is shut ; no more  
 but five go in of ten.  
 But O the Feast the glorious rest,  
 and joy that Marriage day  
 Shall bring each guest thats to be blest  
 his face to see for aye.

For sure with fat and delicate,  
 both Wine and marrow rare,  
 That Bridgeroom will them feed, and fill  
 that do for him prepare.  
 Then come away, O do not stay,  
 to th' wedding O make halt,  
 For you er'e long shall sing the song,  
 hee's come ! *Halelujah.*

*A groan*

## 55 Hymn.

*A groan from our evil times, for better.  
as Isai. 32. 1, 2. and Psal. 12. 1.*

**H**elp Lord for upright ones do fail,  
the faithful cease and those  
That mens iniquities do bewail,  
are preyes to cruel foes,  
We wait and long for Righteousness,  
and yet no good appears,  
Our hopes, of healing times, grow less,  
that still augments our fears.

Judgment turns back, no equity,  
nor truth can entrance have;  
Oh wake thy spirit of prophesie,  
to raise them from their grave.  
For sighs of poor that are oppress  
now Lord let Christ arise;  
To set's in safe and quiet rest,  
from all that them despise.

Then wisdom, knowledge, and Gods fear,  
our times establish shall;  
And Christ both Sword, and Scepter bear  
to root out wicked all.  
He shall be then our hiding place,  
from winds, and stormy rain,  
As shadow of a Rock; his grace,  
shall hidden Lambs sustain.

The Lord his God, to him shall give,  
 his Father *David's* Throne,  
 And he for aye (with Saints) shall live,  
 and rule, warr, judge alone.

## 56 Hymn.

*A cry for Righteousness in the Earth.*  
*as Psal. 94. 1, 2.*

**O** God to whom vengeance belongs,  
 lift up thy self again,  
 Render rewards for all the wrongs  
 thy Saints on Earth sustain.  
 For they blaspheme thy holy name  
 and all the Earth opprefs;  
 Thy holy Laws, and righteous cause,  
 they brand for wickedness.

The thrones of wickedness still forge,  
 their mischiefs for a Law,  
 Thy people for their duty, scourge,  
 and cause Prophets withdraw.  
 Lift up thy feet, Oh come again  
 our deso'late case behold,  
 All that thy Kingdom do disdain,  
 repay them seven fold.

Then pris'ners in the pit that lye,  
 and Prophets in the cave,  
 Souls that do under th' Altar cry,  
 just vengeance all will have.

Our

Our Isles shall feast, while whore and beast  
the Lord shall judge and slay,  
But *Sion* Sing in Christ her King,  
for aye. *Halelujah.*

## 57 Hymn.

*The mourning solitary Dove  
For Christ, pants, and is sick of love.*

*I allude to the Title Psal. 56. 1. (i. e.) the mute  
solitary Dove, having lost her mate.*

O Lord how is my joy exchang'd,  
to mourning, like a Dove ;  
My harp upon the Willow's hang'd,  
because i've lost my love.  
I wander (bird-like) solitary,  
seeking my paradise,  
O for an Ark, or Sanctuary,  
in Christ, where true rest lies.

My sin in vale of death, me clouds,  
I mourning, (Sun-less) go,  
Temptations me pursue in crouds,  
my sins too ; there's my wo.  
To thee I cry Lord, from these deeps,  
(deeps unto deeps, do call ; )  
If off all earthly joy thou strips ;  
O be instead of all.

Lord

Lord if thou through these clouds will look,  
and from this pit me move ;

My beauty, (that had me forsook)  
returns, wing'd, like a Dove.

Lord unto *Sion*-mount shew grace,  
*Jerusalem* build again ;

Christ's Ark of presence, with us place ;  
in's glory ; aye, to raig.

*58 Hymn.*

Lord (cry's the 'fflicted soul ; ) advance

On me thy lightfome countenance ;

(as in *Pfal.* 4. 6.)

**T**He light Lord of thy countenance,  
be pleas'd to let me see ;

So full a good, none can advance ;  
may that once shine on me.

For clouds of darknes me o'respread,  
fin hangs my hopes in doubt ;

Oh Sun of righteousness, me lead,  
for now my Candle's out.

My Lord that earst his face did shew ;  
in clouds did disappear,

When he'l return, I do not know,  
my hopes are mixt with fear.

Why are thy visits rare become ?  
(and oft i've none at all.)

Oh now let faith thee welcome home ;  
my sloth rouze by this call.

*End of the 58 Hymn. Afflict.*

Afflictions from thee pity crave ;  
 Oh be not distant still,  
 Descend and visit this my cave ;  
 and with thy light it fill.  
 Then shall I rise, and ope mine eyes,  
 and turn my Thornes to Bay ;  
 No night so long, but morning song  
 succeeds : let's hope for day.

Our Lord (at last) through clouds will haſt,  
 him every eye ſhall ſee ;  
 But only they, that on him ſtay,  
 in that ſight bleſſ'd ſhall be. Amen.

## 39 Hymn.

*When God the cry of prayers attends,  
 For long delays, he'll make's amends.*

**O**H thou that prayers doſt hear,  
 how long wilt thou forbear,  
 To liſten to the prayers that do  
 proceed from Saints ſincere.  
 T' avenge thy peoples wrong  
 do not defer ſo long  
 Our jubilee, at laſt let's ſee,  
 and ſound our joyful ſong.

Hard things thy Saints have ſeen,  
 afflicted long have been  
 Lord by this rain keep and maintain  
 thy heritage freſh and green.

Let *Rome's* proud *Hierarchy*,  
 under thy judgment lye ;  
 Then Saints shall sing, for *Sions* King  
 shall be extol'd most high.

Then God will work his wonder,  
 old heav'ns dissolve with thunder,  
 His fire devours all Laws, and powers  
 that bound Religion under.

Then all the meek, and poor  
 praises shall sing before  
 The lambs high Throne ; for he alone  
 their comforts will restore.

Ye heavens rejoyce agen,  
 let Earth be glad, for Then  
 The Lord has bles't, his flock with rest ;  
 hast Lord even so. Amen.

## 60 Hymn.

*Thus shall our Faith triumph on high,  
 O're all the power o'th enemy.*

*Psal. 83. 12. —ult.*

**O**H thou (most high) whose counsels are,  
 both deep, faithful, and true ;  
 Against our foes thine arm make bare,  
 frustrate, and them subdue,  
 Thy Saints (at thy command) have pray'd,  
 this sixteen hundred year,  
 Thy Kingdom, come (so long delay'd)  
 Oh let it's time, draw near.



Behold how *Romes Achitophels*  
 for *Babylon* conspire,  
 To make our Isle (in which Christ dwells)  
 an hearth for Martyrs fire.  
 O Lord no longer silent be,  
 arise them disappoint ;  
 Saviours on this our Mount lets see,  
 here our *Messiah* 'noint.

Them and their Nobles make (even all)  
 like *Oreb, Zeeb* likewise,  
 By their own counsels, let them fall,  
 their plots ; themselves surprize.  
 Then from our Isles shall sound new Songs  
 of great Salvation,  
 When Christ revenges all the wrongs,  
 done to this Nation.

The heavens likewise, shall harmonize,  
 the Earth shall eccho 'gain ;  
 On *Babels* ruines shall arise,  
 to Christ, a glorious raigh.  
 Then sing aloud, for in this cloud  
 our King and judge descends,  
 And with him Saints, and Angels croud ;  
 Gods mystery so ends. Amen.

## 61. Hymn.

*From all that dare Gods throne withstand,  
God to defend it lays his hands;  
as Exod. 17. ult.*

**A** glorious high and holy Throne,  
Gods Sanctuary's call'd;  
He in his glory sits thereon  
Saints here are safely wall'd,  
Thence hee'l with vengeance just and right,  
plead *Zions* bleeding cause,  
And *Rome* judge (as th' old *Edomite*)  
when th' *Isles* recieve his Laws.

For Gods hand still on's throne is laid,  
and swears hee'l it maintain,  
His Sword, and Scepter firm, are stay'd:  
to war with him's in-vain.  
Ye Sons, of *Zion* hee'nt afraid,  
your Lord of Hosts is great;  
He weapon (and it's former) made,  
he can all charms, defeat.

Against thee Lord no wisdom is,  
no might, that match him can;  
Thy purpose never goes amiss;  
but help is vain, from man.  
Then all ye holy ones rejoyce,  
Angels, and Saints proclaim  
With harmony of heart, and voice,  
the glory of his name, F 3 That

That Sun of Righteousness, his beams  
 the Lord soon will display,  
 Whose healing wings; his cooling streams,  
 all pain, and thirst shall 'lay. Amen.

82 Hymn.

*Gods presence mischiefs all prevents,  
 And with blessings of good, presents.*

**T**He Lord's our King, and Shepherd great  
 he dwells, and reigns in Zion;  
 And thence hee'l craft and Ipote defeat,  
 thence roar as Judahs Lion.  
 If he in meekness, wrath delay;  
 then rouse him up, who dare?  
 And if hee'l ramp upon his prey,  
 no mortals high hee'l spare.

Hee's the defence still, to his flock,  
 tho' Wolves assault them may,  
 And (when among them) stands their rock,  
 in dark, and cloudy day.  
 To Fatherless, and Widdows too,  
 his help, becomes their Song,  
 In Josephs Prison house also,  
 his presence goes along.

Do we through Vales of death's black shade,  
 (as Souls bewildred) walk;  
 His rod, and staff, shall (both) be made  
 comforts, to us to talk.

O Son of God (mount *Zion's* Lamb)  
 in glory hast t' appear ;  
 Thy number call ; inscribe that name  
*Jehovah, Shammah*, there.

## 63 Hymn.

*The visions of these latter days,  
 This hymne to Saints (in part) displays.*

O F all the sights, since man on Earth  
 th' almighty did create ;  
 That our *Messiah* should have birth,  
 this was surpassing great,  
 His coming first was poor and low  
 that few did him esteem :  
 But at 's return all's foes shall bow,  
 all *Angels* worship him.

Oh how the sight of Christ will feed :  
 our hopes of sin forgiven,  
 Here may we read (what grace decreed)  
 our just title to heaven.  
 To see all's enemies trembling stand,  
 below, under his feet,  
 But mourners, stand at his right hand,  
 O joyful sight and sweet !

To such a sight Lord me direct  
 here (at a distance) grace me,  
 (Amongst Elect,) him to affect,  
 that shall at last embrace me,

One glance is joy ineffable,  
 a smile glory in the bud,  
 Oh then, full sight, how comfortable,  
 none ever understood.

Then those in vale of death that fate,  
 as Pilgrims mourning long,  
 Shall come from solitude in state ;  
 to *Sion*, with new song.  
 Then Virgins, followers, of the Lamb,  
 shall see that marriage day,  
 And in his name sing, and proclaim  
 victory ; *Hallelujah*.

## 64 Hymn.

*This is that plant of high renown,  
 To whom all Scepters must bow down.*

A plant (or branch) of great renown,  
 in Gods Paradise is,  
 It's royal fruits, O Lord shake down  
 that them my lips may kiss.  
 This rose of *Sharon* may I smell,  
 O how 'twill me delight,  
 His beauty does the Sun excel,  
 yea tis ten Suns, for bright,

His head with glori's ever crown'd  
 his lips most full of grace,  
 His wrath Divels and men confound ;  
 all joy lies in his face.

His

His hand, a two edg'd Sword does bear.  
 his words, meek and most sweet ;  
 Under his shade I fate ; and there  
 prostrate did kiss his feet.

Lord make me so to know thy love,  
 love to return again ;  
 From the same root and spring to move  
 (and in thy love) remain.  
 If I in darkness sit, Ple hope  
 thou to me wilt be light,  
 A door of hope thou'lt to me o'pe,  
 and place me in thy fight.

Lord do not long defer thy word,  
 once more, let Saints thee see :  
 But if thou yet delay st ; afford,  
 to take us up to thee.

65 Hymn.

*Here doth the son'l it self, excite  
 On Christ to fix its whole delight.*

**O** love the Lord ye holy ones ;  
 your strong Redeemer own,  
 Who for you hath prepared thrones  
 (not for himself alone.)  
 Nothing in us, ( Lord ) first did move thee :  
 save guilt and wretchedness,  
 But we have motives strong to love thee ;  
 yet can't like love, express.

If

If we to other lovers look,  
 wee're justly disappointed ;  
 Nay curst, b'cause we him forsook  
 thats Gods chos'n-anointed.  
 Oh how this look (tho' from an hell,)  
 does up (as *Jona*) buoy,  
 And in dry desert, digs a well  
 of Everlasting joy.

Oh come desire of Nations, hast ;  
 now let thy Kingdom come :  
 Leap over all our mountains, fast :  
 and tread down whorish *Rome*.  
 See how our Isles wait for thy Laws,  
 and thrones of judgment just ;  
 Revive thy work, worship, and cause :  
 in thee the Gentiles trust.

Then for the precious blood of Saints  
 shall come righteous vengeance,  
 And songs of joy, cease all complaints :  
 mourners on thrones advance.  
*Sions* Redeemer shall appear,  
 'fore him the lofty bend ;  
 All that with him, the cross did bear,  
 their joy never shall end.

*When*

## 66 Hymn.

*When God his Christ from Heav'n reveals :  
The cross no more the Saints conceals.*

**Y**E that have mourners been,  
and long-some troubles seen :  
Lift up our head, be comforted,  
your hope's are budding green.  
Rejoyce in Christ your King,  
ye birds of Paradise sing :  
The Cedars tall begin to fall,  
your Lords now on the wing.

Your Faith (on's cross) may spye  
him meek and most comely,  
Yet suff'ring glory's but transitory,  
he'l reign eternally.  
The more he was despis'd,  
the more he'l now be priz'd,  
No might can stand, 'gainst his command,  
that mischief have devis'd.

But with what joy shall we  
our strong Redeemer see?  
Sit Judge and King, when every thing  
from sin, and curse is free.  
To's Laws, Rulers shall bow,  
or stoop at's feet, a low  
Dagon and Baal 'fore's ark shall fall,  
all th' Isles him fear, and know.



Oh time flee fast away,  
 Lord ha't that blessed day ;  
 That when our King comes, we may sing  
*Hosannas, Hallelujah. Amen.*

## 67 Hymn.

*Here's love pleading with God i'th' dark,  
 For the return o'th' absent Ark.*

*(as in Jer. 8. 19.) and Ps. 80. 3, 7, 14, 19.*

**H**ow long Lord wilt thou hide thy face ?  
 which yet thou bidst us seek :

Why should thy haters thee disgrace,  
 insulting o' e thy meek.

Our foes reproach us very much  
 asking us, where's your God ?

This is the loss our heart doth touch,  
 God's gone from's old abode.

Will not our foes ride o're our head,  
 and soon, of all, bereave us ?

And th' ark to *Dagon* captive lead ;  
 if once our God should leave us !

Oh now's the crown fall'n from our head,  
 if once our God depart,

And all Religious hopes lye dead,  
 (in lifeless formes) at th' heart.

But when will God return ? O when,  
 and cause his face to shine ?

These Lions to their final den,

O Lord (at last) confine. Then

Then shall Gods lambs feed in their place,  
 the spirit of Grace descend;  
 Our King in Zion show's bright face;  
 and *Babels* Kingdom, end.

## 68 Hymn.

*The spouse by Bacha's Vale of tears,  
 Thirsts, till in Zion she appears.*

**F**OR God, the living God,  
 my Soul pants and enquires,  
 In Vales I cry on mountains high,  
 I utter strong desires.  
 I seek, yet find him not,  
 asking of watchmen all,  
 I run, yet find, i'm still behind,  
 and he far from my call.

Time was, my *Lebanon*,  
 did glorious *Cedars* yeild,  
 For Christ my Spouse, that his own house,  
 himself (not man) might build.  
 But now my walls are broke  
 Foxes upon them walk,  
 My Lord is gone off from his throne,  
 from whence he once did talk.

But yet those Mountains tell,  
 good news to th' desolate,  
 My Lord to raign, comes once again,  
 for this i'le gladly wait. **With**

With mercies he'l return,  
 both *Babels* throne, to waste,  
 And to refresh our Wilderness;  
 do this O Jesus! hast.

## 69 Hymn.

*The Soul with pain seeks Christ: at last,  
 She finds, and so she holds him fast.*

*Cant. 3. 1, 2, 3.*

**L**ike to the flames of heav'nly fire,  
 so is thy love O God!  
 Tho't first descend, yet 'twill aspire  
 to fix there it's abode.

Delays or distance blow't not out,  
 tho' sin full oft does grieve him,  
 Yet I of mine, (not his) love doubt;  
 (that good report i'le give him.)

His loves first call with me did gain,  
 that did my heart command;  
 A visit now's hard to obtain;  
 in dry, and weary Land:  
 But O who understands his way;  
 to love, yet anger faign,  
 T' eclipse, and after beams display,  
 lift up, cast down again:

This Lord! (I by thy help) resolve,  
 Tho' now i'th' dark, I sit,  
 On thee firm hope, still to revolve,  
 and to thy will submit.

Art thou withdrawn, i'le yet pursue;  
 when slain, in the i'le trust;  
 The hopes of better days (like dew)  
 shall ev'n revive my dust.

## 70 Hymn.

*The hidden face of God regain'd,  
 Breeds vows, and hopes he'll be retain'd.*

**I**N *Bacha's* Vale of tears,  
 (I thirst,) did pant, and grope,  
 At last appears (above my fears)  
 a blessed door of hope.  
 My Lord was wondrous kind,  
 for tho' he angry was,  
 Yet now I find, hee's well inclin'd,  
 my trespasss by to pass.

When first to me he came,  
 he knock't long at my door;  
 Blest be his name (I may't proclaim)  
 his patience me forbore.  
 Now, if at's door I stay,  
 why should I not submit?  
 Thus hope I may (without delay)  
 at last, hee'l open it.

With mercies, many and great,  
 he will return again;  
 Plots hee'l defeat, his work compleat,  
 and o're our Isles shall raign.

His

His Tabernacle then  
 'mongst us hee'l place, and hold ;  
 Yea once agen, from righteous men  
 rebukes shall clean be roul'd.  
 His candlesticks shall be  
 (for's walk ) of Gold most pure ;  
 Thrice blest is he, that him shall see,  
 that day shall aye endure.

## 71 Hymn.

*Th' afflicted Soul' and Spouse' complaint,  
 That her beloved mate does want.*

*(like the 102 Pſal. title, &c.)*

**T**Ouching thy pleasant Vineyard, Lord  
 bought and by thee brought hither,  
 How sad is it, that men abhorr'd,  
 Should cut, and make it wither.  
 Good room thou for it, here did make  
 and caus'd it fill the Land ;  
 And gath' red' st stones out, for its sake,  
 to plant it with thy hand.

Now when for's fruits God came to look,  
 but lost his expectation,  
 He left it wast, that Boars might pluck,  
 and make 't a desolation.  
 Oh barren, most degen' rate plant !  
 (once) of a noble Vine,  
 That his return the Lord would grant,  
 and cause his face to shine.

Our desert then shall spring again,  
 and bud like *Jesse's* branch;  
 Our Lord will come (at last) to reign,  
 his Vine's-bleeding to staunch:  
 Light to impart to souls forsak'n,  
 to dry bones, lively dew,  
 Virgins secure (asleep) t' awak'n,  
 to tell-mourners, good news.

Th' afflicteds prayers, he'l then regard;  
 to *Babel*, blood repay;  
 T' Saints small and great, a just reward;  
 Lord! hast that glorious day.

## 71 Hymn.

*Of Zion's King, this Hymn let's sing.*

2 Sam. 23, 3, 5. *Isai.* 60. 17, 18:

**T**He Rock of *Israel* said,  
 who will his word fulfil,  
 All knees shall bow, for all do owe  
 subjection to his will.  
 This earth (through sin) accurst  
 with blessings shall increase,  
 Hill's barren soyl, wine, milk and oyl  
 shall yield: plenty with peace.

Our own God will us bless,  
 men shall no more oppress  
 Officers all, we peace shall call,  
 exactors, righteousness.

No Lion shall be there,  
 Christ Lambs to death to bring  
 His righteous Laws, (pleading their cause)  
 shall make the Widows sing.

Lord let thy Kingdom come  
 and holy will be done;  
 'That *Babylon* may have no throne,  
 let whore and beast be gone.  
 Praise waits for thee O Lord  
 In *Zion*; joyful songs;  
 Fulfil thy word, furbish thy Sword,  
 to thee vengeance belongs.

Then *Halelujahs* we  
 will ever sing to thee,  
 With righteousness the Isles oh bless  
 and from proud *Nimrods* free.

## 72 Hymn.

*The Spouse enquires where she may find,  
 Her well beloved Christ, most kind.*

ALL ye my Lord that know  
 Or love; heark to my moan,  
 Ye watchmen all, to you I call,  
 Shew where my love is gone.  
 \* What means his distance now,  
 when love has made him dear?  
 What win my heart, and then depart?  
 O this is hard to bear!

Or

Or why's he gone, or fled?  
 (my sin is sure the cause;)  
 That once he came, (blest be his name,)  
 how much his love still draws?  
 Where is that blessed place?  
 in Heav'n; they see his face;  
 That way therefore, I must adore,  
 rev'rent, and's feet embrace.

In hopes i'll wait the day,  
 when hee'll no longer stay.  
 But Clouds dispel, and tydings tell  
 of joy to last alway.  
 Till then my heart shall be  
 his principality,  
 But men, and devils, sin and all evils,  
 at last shall vanquish't lye.

## 73 Hymn.

*This calls to humble Lamentation,  
 When God departs, from Soul, or Nation.*

**A**LL ye from whom your Lord so dear,  
 is griev'd away and gone,  
 That formerly you felt so nigh,  
 and seek, sigh, and bemoan.  
 Where once his light has on us shone,  
 and after is obscur'd,  
 Eclipt, and gone; that loss alone  
 is woful to b' endur'd.



'Tis greater wo, well to have been ;  
 t' enjoy, and after loose,  
 Gods lightfome face, of which ( alas )  
 the comfort, few that knows.  
 Now ( cries the soul ) my Sun is set  
 my plants wither, and dye,  
 My hopes forlorn, faith's overborn,  
 waste does my Garden lye.

When he did first knock at my door  
 I thought he came t' abide,  
 But I unkind sure caus'd his mind,  
 to ali'nate, and hide.  
 Now if I can his visit gain,  
 or smile, ( one day in seven, )  
 My hopes again revive a main,  
 with some foretasts of heav'n.

But when Lord Jesus wilt' return,  
 revive thy work ; O then  
 Our Wilderneys shall praise and bless,  
 thy Grace and power. Amen.

74 Hymn.

*The Soul refresh with chear divine,  
 Does t'its appart'ments rest incline,  
 Longing its burdens, to resign.*

*as Cant. 5, 1. — 5.*

**L**ord I have long wandred abroad,  
 from Mountain unto Hill,  
 Now ( pilgrim, like ) seek rest, in God ;  
 subject to thy good will.

In 'lonesome deserts tho' I bleat,  
 (oft) weary, faint and sad,  
 Yet finest wheat of heav'n, I eat,  
 Rock-hony makes me glad.

My burdens, sin, affliction, scorn,  
 Oft cause my soul bow down.  
 (To ease my heart) himself has born;  
 he bought ; I wear the Crown.  
 The fiery Serpents, oft me fright,  
 I sing with thorns at brest ;  
 My faith (at last) gets *Pisgah* sight,  
 in hopes o'th' Land of rest.

My faith and fence, combat together  
 and both their weapons try,  
 Which shall obtain, one knows not whether ?  
 till Christ gives victory,  
 Return my soul unto thy rest,  
 take shade, in weary land ;  
 They that this refuge find, are blest :  
 for rain, and storm's at hand.

A joyful rest Lord doth remain,  
 for all thy scatt'ed ones,  
 A glorious King shall sit and raign,  
 and they (with him) on thrones.

## 75 Hymn.

*When Saints of drought, and heat complain,  
The Shepherd answers thus again.*

*Cant. 1. 5, 6.*

**L**ord when my day at first begun,  
and grace on me did shine;  
I quickly felt a scorching Sun,  
upon my tender Vine.  
Hence (in appearance) I put on  
a black and fable hue :  
Oh when wilt thou let fall upon  
my herbs of Grace thy dew.

This fiery Dragons raging heat  
peirces my aking head,  
Tempts me (like *Jonah*) oft to fret,  
(or wither) which I dread.  
My Shepherds voice (instant) I heard,  
standing behind my wall ;  
Said ! flee to th' Rock, be not afeard ;  
I knew't and took his call.

Tho' Clouds eclipse thy morning Sun,  
and evidence is not bright ;  
At noon's, hot persecution ;  
cool ev'ning, shall give light.  
I am thy Sun, shadow and shield,  
in me alone's thy rest,  
Here light, and safety both I yield ;  
thus all the flocks are blest.

A King most just shall reign er'e long,  
 him must his foes adore,  
 His Spouse singing her nuptial-Song,  
 then heat smites her no more.

## 76. Hymn.

*The Soul, and Spouse, tempted with heat,  
 For cool refreshing gales intreat.  
 Eying that promise, Isai. 4. 6. 8. Song c. 25. 6.*

**H**ow long Lord shall this heat  
 of persecution beat,  
 Which makes me pray, shorten my day,  
 or make my Sun retreat.  
 Afflictions make me look  
 like bottles in the smoak,  
 My heart (alas!) withers as grass,  
 my fruitful branch is broke.

Yet Lord to thee I cry,  
 under thy shade I fly,  
 Thy healing wing, shall cause me sing,  
 and down in safety lye.  
 Though Zion's Sons have lain  
 'mong pots, (in vile disdain)  
 He has foretold, her wings, with gold,  
 hee'l beautifie again.

Mans rage shall cease, and fall ;  
 with noise of strangers all,  
 The branch (or Sons) of terrible ones,  
 shall break against the wall ;      G 4      Then

Then storms and heat shall cease  
 Lambs feed, and lye in peace,  
 Then, *Babels* Sun shall set at noon,  
 her torments have no ease.

Sing ye distrest, and poor,  
 now look to weep no more,  
 Your Sun does rise, lift up your eyes,  
 and 'fore his throne adore.

## 77 Hymn.

*When vials, Babel-Rome, consume:  
 Cool and refreshing times then come.*

**L**ord hasten *Babels* threat'n'd doom  
 for *Zion* sake afford,  
 Cool and refreshing gales to come,  
 from th' presence of the Lord.  
 Why should thy Lambs be led aside,  
 and vail'd from their right way,  
 From fellowship with thy holy bride  
 with false companions, stray.

The Pastors that thy flock have led  
 as wolves, have suckt their blood  
 The rest with tears, (or poyson) fed,  
 disperst (alone) i' th' wood.  
 But yet a Shepherd shall arise,  
 a Branch of great Renown,  
 His flock to save, from's Enemies  
 and sway Scepter, and Crown.

His

His times will restitution bring  
 unto the whole creation,  
 His flock (from wilderness) shall sing,  
 for peace in every Nation.  
 The lofty shall be brought full low,  
 the lowly rais'd on high,  
 The Lord will righteous vengeance shew  
 on *Romes* conspiracy.

Christs word the Tyrants Sword will break  
 that oft his lambs did gore !  
 To th' heathen then peace he will speak,  
 and reign for evermore.

## 78 Hymn.

*The Pilgrim now with Christ at rest,  
 His joy and triumph thus exprest.*

**L**ord I a stranger was,  
 and sojourner below :  
 Defil'd with sin ; till Christ came in,  
 thy Grace to make me know.  
 I fought in this world, rest  
 but found't labour in vain,  
 My life I spent To small content,  
 till I a Christ could gain.

My sin and misery.  
 became his time of love ;  
 Tho' in my blood, he meant my good,  
 himself did's bowels move,

I was

I was a wandring Sheep,  
bleating in deserts stray'd,  
Till he me sought ; and home me brought  
me safe on's shoulders lay'd.

He fed m' in pastures green,  
me led, by waters calm,  
Sweet Wines, I gate, and down I sate  
at's feet ; and sang my psalm.  
Lord what am I ; Oh whence  
is all this love to me ?  
That thou should take me home, and make  
one of thy Family.

But when my Lord returns,  
to's second Marriage feast,  
Hee'l then admit all's lambs to sit  
on's Throne, in endless rest.

## 79 Hymn.

*The Pilgrim welcom'd, (as a King)  
By Christ, does further praises sing.  
(As Deuter. 26. 5. -- 11.)*

**L**ord when a Syrian-stranger, poor  
ready to perish quite,  
(I call'd) and begging at thy door :  
was pittied in thy sight.  
Thou brough't me in, and I was fed  
with water, wine, and milk,  
Thy robes of righteousness me clad,  
more rich than royal silk.

When

When in's own Chamber I was plac't  
 my King one secret told,  
 On's throne I should be with him grac't  
 with's crown richer than gold.  
 And as a sign he would defeat,  
 and break *Levi'thans* head,  
 And give his flesh to's folk for meat  
 and's *Manna* for their bread.

As I mus'd on this mystery ;  
 I quickly heard a voice,  
 Angels sang praise in melody,  
 so I 'gan to rejoyce.  
 Now blessing, honour, to the Lamb  
 pow're, wisdom, riches, praise,  
*Hofannabs* be to's glorious name ;  
 and joyful songs always.

Now as I was about to sing,  
 I heard one on the throne,  
 Bad silence, while I heard my King  
 thus triumph sing : alone.

## 80 Hymn.

*The Lambs triumph, that did obtain,  
 Both vict'ry and our right to reign.*

*As Psal. 40. 7. John 17. Prov. 8. 31.*

**L**ord I before the World began,  
 with thee in glory fate,  
 Yet came in form of flesh humane,  
 thine to redintigrate.

That



That body thou prepar'd, I gave  
 to death, an offering pure,  
 And victor did, ascend from grave,  
 'thine, lasting life t' ensure.

To them I have thy will made known,  
 and will more of them call;  
 On them my blood and spirit bestown,  
 with me abide they shall.  
 And I that for them freely bled;  
 o're sin will make them raig, n,  
 I'le for them ple ad; bless them with bread,  
 and see them once again.

That glory thou to me hast given,  
 I freely share to them :  
 To raig, n on Earth, first, (after heav'n)  
 i'th' new *Jerusalem*.  
 (This hear'd) with adoration great,  
 before his blessed throne;  
 I fell, at th' foot of's mercy seat,  
 and prais'd the Lamb alone :

Amen (said I) blessing, and pow're,  
 let all things give to thee ;  
 Both Saints, and Angels, day and hour  
 to all Eternity.

## 81 Hymn.

*A glorious feast, Christ will provide,  
Then lead to's rest his holy Bride.*

*Isa. 25. 8, 9. — Apoc. 19. 7, 8.*

**O**H Shepherd of the Sheep,  
Thine is both flock, and fold;  
For thou hast sought them out, and bought,  
with price far above gold.  
For them thou wil'st provide  
a Feast of red wine, pure,  
Most sweet of tast, yet best at last,  
which feast shall aye, endure.

Mean while thy Vineyard thou  
(tho' naked and forelorn)  
Dost safely guard, with watch and ward,  
and wat'rest every morn.  
Those boars, and foxes all,  
(that humane judgment scapes)  
Take in thy toyl, that made such spoil,  
of thy Vines-tender Grapes.

Then shall our winter end,  
rains cease, in pleasant spring  
Sweet flowres appear, then we shall hear  
the Birds, and Turtles sing.  
Oh blest they that are call'd,  
(with th' Lambs Bride) to be guest,  
For now each head is crown'd and led  
to's mansions : aye to rest.

Then

Then must the Lamb resign  
his Kingdom medi'atory,  
Gods mystery, shall finisht be,  
i th' Fathers Royal Glory.

## 82 Hymn.

*When in this world, our Lord shall reign,  
These bappy things, shall then obtain.*

(As in Psal. 2. 6, 9. — and 72. 3, 4, 12. *Is. 16. 5.*)

**W**hen God shall Christ his Son anoint,  
on Zions holy hill;

Salvation thence he will appoint,

For walls and bulwarks still.

The great shall then no terrour be.

the good to over-awe;

And force them into corners flee,

For keeping of Gods Law.

The vile no more account shall bear,

Tyrants no more oppress;

No peircing bramble, just ones tear,

None rise by wickedness.

But right, and truth, ascends the Throne,

to 'ffront iniquity;

And reason, justice, faith in one

united; shall agree.

Then worship pure, shall not endure

foggs superstitious;

Nor scarlet whore, shall more allure

to *Babel*, for Gods house.

Scrip-

Scripture our Royal guide, and Law  
 the word, the Sword shall blunt :  
 (Vengeance shall horns and mitres saw)  
 the *Nimrods* cease to hunt.

Thus Heav'n, and Earth, to joy shall break,  
 (a joy that ends distress,)  
 He for the meek will judgment seek,  
 and hasten righteousness. Amen.

## 83 Hymn.

*This Hymn enumerates the kinds  
 Of mercies : but the summe who finds ?  
 As Psal. 40. 5. and 139. 17.*

**T**O God let's all sing praise  
 that by his word all made,  
 Thus heav'n above ; and all that move  
 on Earth, their being had.  
 For Sun that lights the day,  
 for Moon, and glittering stars,  
 That in the night foreshew us light,  
 (as signs) of peace, or wars.

For th' Earth and all its hosts,  
 the Sea and what's therein.  
 All subject stand by Gods command  
 to man : tho' fall'n by sin.  
 For Hail, and Rain, and Dew,  
 For stormy winds also ;  
 For these fulfil Gods righteous will.  
 When men against it go.

For

For day and also night,  
 Summer, and Winter's frost,  
 (Contraries do Gods wisdom show  
 and oft profit us most.)  
 But Lord whats fall'n man?  
 dominion such to have,  
 Or'e all things here; and triumph there  
 with Christ, or'e death, and grave.

Consume Lord from thy Earth  
 destructive wicked men;  
 Oh come again, resume thy raign;  
 come quickly! Lord Amen.

## 84 Hymn.

*When once on Christ we fix our eyes,  
 'Twill make us all this world despise.*

*On Apoc. 12. 1.*

**A** wonder great to John was shown]  
 a Church array'd most sweet,  
 With th' Sun (most clear) 12 Stars her crown,  
 but th' Moon under her feet.  
 Oh blissful sight (once) glorious,  
 (now to behold, most rare)  
 Our times show us not such a Spouse,  
 which dare with her compare.

When all is loss and dung for Christ,  
 (unworthy our esteem,)  
 Herein true pie'ty doth consist,  
 Such Christ came to redeem.

Lord

Lord why should Saints on things below  
 their fond affections place ;  
 Since hee's ascended, and we know  
 we're foll'wing him apace ;  
 who'le show us any good ? men say,  
 (but real good mistake,)  
 Lord of thy count'nance, one bright ray  
 on us to shine, O make.

Oh this will glad, and chear us more  
 than Corn, Oyl, or new Wine,  
 The glory of this world 'twill lowre  
 to tast the joys divine.  
 When Idol-Dagon-self falls down,  
 Faith does this world disdain :  
 Earths Princes lose glory 'nd crown,  
 now Jesus comes to's raign.

## 85 Hymn.

*The Bride with Christ unite'd by Faith,  
 Thus in communion sings ; and saith.*

O thou most worthy to be sought !  
 thy praises we will tell,  
 Being into thy Chambers brought,  
 Our great *Immanuel*.  
 If one days fello'ship be so sweet  
 here under's cross and sorrow,  
 Or to sit pensive at his feet ?  
 what joys succeed i'th' morrow ?

H

Oh

Oh who can tell what joyful Songs  
 may here be sung 'ith' night ?  
 What triumph's then, with heav'nly throngs,  
 have Saints in perfect light ?  
 To be espous'd to Christ alone,  
 is unconceived grace ;  
 What's then to sit up in his Throne,  
 or still to see his face ?

With *Abr'am Isa'ck, Jacob* too,  
 to consort in one chore,  
 The Gentile Nations, with the Jew  
 all singing evermore !  
 To see vile men, bundl'd, and thrown  
 down from Christ judgment seat,  
 All Clouds and Storms, quite over blown,  
 and only good ones, great.

Who can those future joyes display ?  
 the pleasures of that River,  
 And City new, where God will stay,  
 and Saints with him for ever.

## 86 Hymn.

*When Jesus judge, and King shall reign,  
 Hee'l Truth and Right fully maintain.*

*Psal. 96. 13, Lo ! he cometh, &c.*

**O**ur Lord and King shall come in hast,  
 the flame devours before him,  
 Angels his Char'ots moving fast,  
 all bowing down adore him.

His

His Saphir Throne just judgment is,  
 his Scepter Righteousness,  
 His sentence unto Saints gives bliss  
 to th' wicked pains endless.

With him in judgment Saints preside;  
 where th' wicked shall not stand,  
 His flaming eyes they ca'n't abide  
 but fall under his hands.

Oh how the mighty trembling took;  
 through horror, shame, and fear,  
 VVhen from his face that last rebuke  
 and sentence they shall hear.

They that before did judge the Lamb,  
 are doom'd, with a [depart,]

That dreadful curse (they wisht) God damn,  
 that word will break their heart.

The just shall greatly sing for joy,  
 when they his vengeance view,  
 For whore and beast will he destroy,  
 that judges strong and true.

Greatness (before him) yields no plea,  
 repriving execution;

Fore whose white throne, heav'n, earth, and Sea,  
 all suffer dissolution:



## 87 Hymn.

*To th' new Jerus'lem, and her King,  
All nations must their glory bring.*

*After that Isaiah 60 Apoc. 21.*

**Y**E Nations all, and Kings mortal;  
this Propheſie attend,  
Your earthly glory, vile, tranſitory,  
here fades, and 's at its end.  
Moſt glorious things the Scripture ſings,  
o'th' City of God ſo fair,  
That down ſhall move from God above  
in all dimenſions ſquare.

Her King's the Lamb, that built the ſame,  
who ever lives, her light  
None dwell within deſil'd with ſin;  
all gems moſt perfect bright.  
Her pearly wall, and Towers ſo tall,  
Salvation ſtil'd is;  
Angels it guard, (with watch and ward)  
the City of God is this.

Here only Saints b' inhabitants  
that with the Lamb ſhall talk.  
Through ſtreets of Gold; (thus John us told)  
all's Pilgrims ſing and walk.  
Here runs for ever, that cleareſt River  
(all pleaſures, joys for aye)  
Oh bleſt all they, here dwell, and ſtay  
*Jehovah (call't) Shammah.*

*The*

## 88 Hymn.

*The Saints ultimate glorious state,  
Admir'd, but none can it relate.*

(1 Cor. 2. 9. and Apoc. 22. 3, 4.)

**O**H all ye Saints that have a right,  
to that last glorious state ;  
Triumph and sing, and take delight,  
whilst you it contemplate,  
To see God as we're seen, and know ;  
is (here) grace budding blifs,  
But what it is (there's now can show)  
to see him as he is.

To view our Lord in flesh, these twain  
natures unite in one ;  
To see his wounds our way to raigh,  
and sitting in his Throne,  
To tast the comforts of Gods spirit,  
in their original ;  
VVithout desertion, to inherit  
Christ's fellowship with all,

To joyn consort with Angels pure  
in heavenly harmony,  
VVith joy and praise, one hymn to 'dure  
all 'long, Eternity.  
But eye ne're saw, no ear yet heard  
but on'ly thine O God !  
The things ineffable, are prepar'd :  
in that pleasant abode,

## 89 Hymn.

(A 2d. part of the ult. glory and joyes above.)

Now pain, crying and misery,

Cease, when the Saints Gods Face do see

Rev. 22. 1, 2.

**O**H blissful glorious state !  
 what words can this define ?  
 No terrene pleasures, coelestial treasures,  
 nor how sweet ? can divine.  
 O perfect sinless Church !  
 of holy firstborn ones,  
 What joyes attend, (without an end)  
 those bright Eternal thrones ?

Doth sight of Friends refresh ?  
 here's all with full content ;  
 Here Gods own Plants, Christ with the Saints,  
 dwell near no more t' absent.  
 Do springs (Rivers) delight,  
 or Gardens, walks so green ?  
 In that one thing (Jesus our King)  
 may all (and more) be seen.

Do ordinances yield,  
 a well of Life most clear ?  
 What life shall we attain, when he  
 in's glory shall appear ?

Musick will charm the ear,  
 put sence t'an extasie,  
 Here one sweet Song, shall last as long,  
 as vast Eternity.  
 Now grief turns into joy ;  
 faith (hopes) run 'to fruition,  
 Now only love, and joyes, us move,  
 int' naked perfect Vision.

## 90 Hymn,

*The Spouse desires of Christ some signs,  
 To prove that's heart to her inclines.*

*Commenting on Cant. 1. 1, 7.*

**L**ord give m' a reconciling kiss,  
 me to embrace incline :  
 For (sure) thy loving kindness is  
 far better than sweet wine.  
 As oyntment pow'r'd forth, is thy name,  
 (that gives most fragrant smell)  
 The Virgin-upright-ones proclaim,  
 therefore they love thee well.

Lord ! draw, and after thee wee'le run  
 the Kings chambers into ;  
 Tho' black, (by hot and scorch Sun, )  
 yet comely i'me also,  
 Tell me O thou my Soul does love,  
 where thou thy food dost take  
 And rest at noon, (under thy grove)  
 in safety thine dost make ?

My love to thee from thine, did flow  
(when time of love came in)

And shall I now wander? oh no!

Nor sociate with sin?

Such love doth ravish Lord thy heart,  
(so wilt thou taken be,)

Oh never may th' affections start,  
that knit my soul to thee.

Curst with a *Maranath*' is he  
that loves not Christ the anointed,  
And o're all longs not him to see  
for 's *Zion*, King appointed.

91 Hymn.

*Hark how the faithful will begin  
Welcome: when he to feed comes in.*

(as *Psal.* 24. 7-9. 2d. part.

**Y**E lasting gates stand open, and  
admit your glorious King.

Let him not knock without or stand:  
that does his welcome bring.

Why stand'st thou (blessed Lord) without?  
break in, stay not to knock:

Thy key of love can ope' (no doubt)  
each door, with bars, and lock.

But Lord I am unworthy, thou

under my Roof, shouldst come,

Yet since my heart's thy house, I'll vow  
to bid thee welcome home.

To entertain this King, who's able?  
 much less to do it well;  
 O Spikenard, (now my King's at Table)  
 send forth thy fragrant smell.  
 That Wine of's pomgranate i'le break  
 (the same he brought) i'le bring:  
 That caus'd my lips-(asleep) to speak,  
 and from the dust to sing;

I am my well belov'd's, hee's mine,  
 'mong Lillies (white) he feeds,  
 Till day dawns; I with him will dine  
 or'e Hills, see, how he speeds.  
 Make hast oh King, be like a Roe  
 come running, fly away;  
 Confound thy foes, make Princes know  
 thy raign abides for aye.

## 92 Hymn.

*The Spouse fed of Christs providore,  
 Beggs, Lord, such food give evermore.*

**T**O th' heav'nly Court I went,  
 a visiting my King;  
 He knew't before, and ope't the doore,  
 I came his fruits to bring.  
 I greatly was in doubt,  
 how I should entrance gain  
 Yet in I went, for word he sent,  
 he would me entertain.

When

When ent'red in, I found  
 a noble wellcome home;  
 And all that came ; (once blind, and lame)  
 yet for more guests was room :  
 The hungry, naked, poor,  
 yea blind and dumb, all sung,  
 (All heal'd, and clad) most princely fed,  
 his house with praises, rung.

Then I (for company,)  
 my Songs could not restrain,  
 That he should smile, on one so vile  
 and with him, cause to reign.  
 Our entertainment was  
 of dainties for a King,  
 The wine he drew, of's Kingdom-new  
 he did in person bring.

Oh then let every guest,  
 (tho' here griev'd and oppress'd)  
 Lift up your eyes, yon'd's paradise,  
 there hope to be at rest.

93 Hymn.

*Ye Nations listen to this call,  
 Before Gods face, ye Isles shall fall.*  
 (1st. Part.)

**Y**E Nations all, attend this call,  
 for 'tis the voice of God  
 His Gospel take, er'e Christ you break,  
 with's heavy Iron rod.

To

To God O turn, your Idols burn,  
 let *Dagon* fall, before  
 The Ark of God : where's his abode,  
 and shall be evermore.

If ye withstand his strecht out hand,  
 by which he would you save,  
 It is most right, (in all mens fight,)  
 that judgment ye should have.

For God has sworn, this to perform,  
 that bow shall every knee,  
 Confess and know, must high and low,  
 Christs glorious Majestie.

## (2d. Part.)

**L** Et God arise, alls Enemies  
 shall scattered forces be :  
 Yea all that hate *Zions* good state,  
 before Gods face shall flee.  
 In's holy place, to see Gods face  
 and hear s most pleasant voice  
 Will finish Saints grief, and complaints  
 and make their hearts rejoyce.

The Wilderness, joy shall express,  
 and sing to see that day ;  
 When men of might, quite out of sight  
 shall perish, and decay.



Gods countenance hee'l then advance  
 upon the desert rose ;  
 His dew shall light, on's Lillies white,  
 that in low Vallies grows.

For his elect hee'l then erect,  
 a throne of judgment high,  
 That he may bring, each lofty thing  
 'fore it to search, and try.  
 Then Saints shall bring their elect King,  
 near to th' ancient of days,  
 And God with us shall dwell : and thus  
 wee'l sing Immortal praise.

## 94 Hymn.

*Is God with us, (the Lord of Hosts,) ?  
 Saints ! do not fear, but rather boast.*

**O** Glorious throne on high  
 on which thou Lord does dwell,  
 Dispensing grace ; to *Isra'ls* race ;  
 lets mark its footstool well.  
 Lions are subject'd too't,  
 'fore it stand spirits, seav'n  
 Whose Oyl gives light, both day and night  
 leading to th' highest heaven.

What times Saints are afraid,  
 hence (on a look, or cry,)  
 God gives command, with mighty hand  
 to save immediately.

Tho'

Tho' thousands hem us in  
 with camps of men, and devils  
 Gods with his Church, is as a torch  
 of fire, devouring evils.  
 Ye Sons of *Belial* then,  
 dig pitts as deep as hell;  
 No crafts shall stand 'gainst *Zions* Land  
 whose King's *Immanuel*.

This Shepherd of Gods flock  
 is wise, and strong also  
 With mighty arm his Lambs from harm  
 to save, and keep them too.  
 For he amongst them walks  
 to feed, protect and guide  
 Who Lord! dares band against thy hand,  
 When thou art on our side?

*Balaam* by cursed crafts  
 fought *Isr<sup>e</sup>l* to devour:  
 When God will bless; man's wickedness  
 must fail, for lack of power.  
 If thou (Lord) stand for us  
 against us be who dare?  
 If on thy Son first, wrath begun;  
 thy foes, how canst thou spare?

Shine forth O glorious Sun,  
 the Land, light' with thy rayes,  
 Oh once again, descend: Amen.  
 so we will sing thy praise.

## 95 Hymn.

*Ye Angels, Cherubs, Creatures all,  
Sing praise in Chores Seraphical.*

**L** Et Angels all that live above,  
make a melodious noise,  
Cast in your sparks to th' flames of love,  
with Martyrs ; and rejoyce.  
For he that fram'd the world, has laid  
and fix't all for his glory,  
The VVheel of nature, and every creature;  
in't's kind, do sing before 'yee.

Praise him ye flouds, and waters deep  
through which Christ lead his folk,  
Let fire, and flame exalt his name,  
where once (with three) hee'd walk.  
Could we his inward converse learn,  
with them three Nobles stout,  
VVe should admire, that from that fire  
(tho' call'd) they could come out.

Oh glorifie that Lord i'th' fires  
(ye Saints that loves him dear)  
Tho' love you burns, yet from your urns;  
a Phoenix shall appear.  
VVhen Christ your King, on Zion 'rises,  
Babels hot flames, shall cease :  
Saints pure devotion, then gains promotion,  
with truth and lasting peace. Christ

Christ Tent he then will place with men,  
 for evermore to stay :  
 With heat divine, Christ face shall shine ;  
 and mak't eternal day.

## 96 Hymn.

*Cantic. Igneum. On the three Children Dan. 3.*  
 Christ present made three in the furnace four,  
 This kept them so, that fire could not devour.  
 (Heb. 11. 34. Ἐσθίουσαν θύσαντες πυρός,)

**Y**E mortal Kings on Earth, behold  
 Christs all-sufficient pow'r ;  
 Look on admire, that such a fire  
 three children can't devour.  
 In one here's many wonders wrought,  
 the fire to burn, forbears ;  
 Save only bands, loost off their hands,  
 and slayes persecuters.

So *Moses* turn'd aside (of old)  
 to view Gods bush on flame  
 Well we may 'dmire ; zeal's hotter fire  
 that cool'd and quench't the same.  
 No Royal rage can fires incense  
 too hot for faith, and love ;  
 Lord on our Souls, such heav'nly coales  
 let fall, and in us move ;

That

That Jesus, that (for's love to us,)  
 could bleed, us to redeem,  
 He doubtless hath quencht hotter wrath,  
 all glory (praise) to him.  
 Thou from a furnace hot like hell,  
 didst save us in like manner,  
 That for thy cause, thy truth and laws,  
 thou mightst display thy banner.

When *Zion's* flames proud-*Babel* tames,  
 Saints have their jubilee ;  
 The earth in peace, truth, righteousness,  
 shall bow, and sing to thee.

## 97 Hymn.

*Lord let that long accepted year,  
 Of full redemption (hop'd) draw near.*

*Psal. 85. 7, 8. &c.*

**L**ord God of Hosts that hearest prayers  
 come down, thy heavens bow,  
*Sion*, for which theres no man cares,  
 to save, arise do thou.

According to the days wherein  
 affliction we have had,  
 And years of sorrow we have seen  
 Oh now Lord make us glad.

The sins of our long Wilderness  
 and temptings, from us roul,  
 Thy vine, oh save ; it plant, and dress,  
 with thy whole heart, and soul.

Hear

Hear then, what God will to us say,  
 for surely hee'l speak peace,  
 To his own Saints ; that never they  
 shall turn to foolishness.  
 Sure his Salvation draweth near  
 (God will the same command,)  
 That glory too ; (for those him fear)  
 may dwell within our land.

To Jewish Rites, last Jubilee,  
 himself *Messiah* blew :  
 To *Romish* yokes, his reign shall be  
 final and full adieu.  
 To God and to the Lamb therefore,  
 give Kingdom, powre, always ;  
 Let men and Angels, him adore,  
 and ever sing his praise.

## 98 Hymn.

*When hopes are low, and undermin'd with fears ;  
 And wicked high'st, God usually appears.*

*Gen. 22. 14. Zach. 1. 8, 10.*

**O**H God wost high and wise,  
 thine ear to us incline ;  
 Open thine eyes ; and them surprize,  
 that 'gainst thy Christ combine:  
 When Councils are most rife  
 accomplished to be ;  
 On *Isa'c's* life now stop the knife,  
 and God 'ith' mount, let's see.

Tho' Sons of *Belial* shout ;  
 and tumults oft assail :  
 Repress their rout, turn things about  
 that wicked's hopes may fail.  
 Tho' *Zions* hope's forlorn  
 amongst the *Myrtle's* low,  
 Her vail is torn ; yet *David's* horn  
 shall budd again, and grow,

No weapon shall succeed,  
 'gainst *Zions* peaceful state ;  
 God has decreed, and that with speed,  
*Babel* to desolate.  
 A new creation bright,  
 will God himself bring forth ;  
 Where Christ shall sit protecting it,  
 even in the sides o'th' North.

Jesus our Bridegroom ! come,  
 for thee the wedding stays,  
 Thy Kingdom come, to it make room,  
 let mourners sing thy praise.

## 99 Hymn.

*Angels and Cherubims, all fulfil,  
 What changes God (presiding) will.*

**T**He Lord above the Clouds presides,  
 he storms and winds does sway,  
 His Char'ots through Red-Sea he rides  
 to find (or force) his way.

This

This world that seems to rowl, and reel,  
 moves by divine command;  
 His spirit turns about each wheel,  
 and, when he bids, they stand.

Thou by thy pow'r do'st rule alway,  
 thine eyes all nations spy;  
 Yea when rebellious ones bear sway,  
 thou art exalted high.

When wicked ones are turn'd above,  
 God turns about the wheel;  
 Because the Lord doth Zion love,  
 her foes sha'll's vengeance feel.

All those that Zion hate, shall be  
 like Corn on the house top;  
 That, upright ones with joy shall see,  
 the Lords own sickle lop.  
 The Kingdom of Gods providence,  
 doth bring great things to pass:  
 But when his Son shall rule, dispense,  
 the just flourish, as grasse

On foes, the Lord aloud will thunder,  
 to raise his witnesses;  
 And them advance, that long lay under  
 darkness, and sore distress.  
 That change shall be joyfull one,  
 when Christ above shall sway;  
 Causing oppressions to be gone,  
 and sighs to flee away.



## 100 Hymn.

*One sits above the wheels,  
To steer, when our Faith reels.*

**T**He Lord hath said his throne abides,  
his Kingdom shall endure :  
What if this world now rowls and slides,  
his promise still stands sure.  
Gods ship (as on a Sea) is toft,  
the winds contrary too ;  
Our anchor hold of hope, oft loft,  
Christ seems asleep also :

Then unbeleif makes surges beat ;  
has God cast off for aye ?  
Or is he gone, from's mercy feat ?  
doth promise lye ? we say.  
Has grace forgot gracious to be ?  
can wrath, or'ecome his love ?  
Oh no 'tis mine infirmity :  
i'le wait for *Noah's Doye*.

I'le (*Jonah-like*) look up again,  
to Gods most holy Hill ;  
That o're all winds, and waves can raign,  
and change them at his will.  
Th' old world God once turn'd to a Floud :  
then *Nimrods* race, o're turn'd ;  
He gave *Levi'athan* once for food,  
and *Babel's* to be burn'd.

Old hearts, old world, shall be renew'd,  
all things restor'd shall be :

(the whore and beast being subdu'd,)

Christ set on high wee'll see,

Then let us our *Hosannah's* give,  
and *Hallelujahs* say,

To th' Lamb, (once slain,) that now doth live ;  
even our exalted *Jah*.

101 Hymn.

*Some Consolatory Hymns, concluding the use of*  
*Psal. 2. 8, 9.*

*Unto the Lamb let us give praise,*

*That is, and shall be, he that was.*

**O**H thou most mighty one,

Unto the Lamb thy Son ;

Our Saviour free, give praise do we,  
for our Redemption.

For thy dea'r chofens sake,

*Levi'athans* head thou break

With such a wound, that whole and sound,  
none ever could it make.

This Isle thy Scepter wun,

and here thy work's begun,

Oh Christ obtain thy throne again

once more cry it is done.

Tho' Nations, angry, rush,  
and at the Lamb do push,  
God with his look will them rebuke,  
with Iron rod them crush.

They sport it in our pain,  
rejoyc't, whiles we are slain;  
Now they shall bow, as footstools low,  
for Christ to rise, and raign.  
Our sighs to joys shall turn,  
and these our rods shall burn,  
And God will raise to life, and praise,  
with dew of heav'n, our urn.

Oh then lets joy, and say  
this is our long'd-for day:  
In darkness sing, for a blest spring  
now hastens. *Hallelujah.*

## 102. Hymn.

*God's able (in his time and will,)  
All's promises (of grace) 'e fulfil.*

*Gen. 3. 15.*

**O**H thou that faithful art;  
thou keepst thy covenant true;  
We praise and bless thy righteousness,  
that is (from us) thy due.  
Thy promise first was made  
to break the Serpents head,  
Tho' he our heel do bruise; yet wee'l  
believe what God has said.

Tho

Tho' Lions on us roar,  
 and Foxes watch to tear,  
 Yet Christ doth keep his Lambs and Sheep,  
 and in his bosom bear.  
 The're is no thorn, nor brier ;  
 can pierce Saints eyes or side,  
 No *Cannanite* dwells in thy sight,  
 nor *Belial's* Sons abide.

No vile uncircumcis'd ;  
 no Sea, to tols us on ;  
 Rejoyce therefore ; now fear no more,  
 utter destruction.  
 For God will purge the bloud,  
 and filth *Sion* upon,  
 And when his wrath, finish't he hath,  
 then wo to *Babylon*.

No Idols then shall stand,  
 nor Idol-Shepherds be ;  
 But Christ alone shall on his throne,  
 that day exalt'd shall be.  
 Lord hast, thy word fulfil,  
 accomplish all thy will,  
 Let *Isra'ls* seed, return and feed,  
 on *Sions* holy hill.

VWhen God again brings back,  
 his people captive led :  
 Then *Jacob* shall rejoyce, and all  
 his *Isr'el* shall be glad.

## 103 Hymn.

*Gods roaring heaven and Earth doth shake,  
Yet Saints in Christ their shelter make,*

*Joel 3. 16. Isai. 26. ult.*

**O**H *Isr<sup>l</sup>*'s help and hope,  
our only Saviour,  
Ease the complaints of thy dear Saints  
in such a tempting hour.  
Hark thy creation groans  
by wicked men, thy rod,  
O make it free, most gloriously,  
like to the Sons of God.

Tho' all things dye and fade,  
thou wilt make all things new,  
Here wee'l be glad, since God has said,  
that faithful is and true.  
From him there shall proceed  
judgement in Righteousness,  
Thus wars shall cease, all men in peace,  
in him, themselves shall bless.

Then prayers shall turn to praise,  
even those cast off that seem'd,  
(Thousands of years, when Christ appears)  
from wrath shall be redeem'd.  
For Christ himself comes forth,  
earths blood open to lay,  
T' avenge the guilt of all was spilt,  
from *Abel's* to th' last day. Then

Then no more crowns of thornes  
 and griefs shall Saints array,  
 But clad with praise, and palms always,  
 shall sing, with joy, for aye,  
*Amen. Hallelujah.*

## 104 Hymn.

*Faith joys, and triumphs o're,  
 The Dragon, beast, and whore.*

*Apo. 17. 14, 15.*

**T**O thee most holy one,  
 be giv'n Dominion,  
 With victory, shall crowned be  
 that spotless Lamb, thy Son.  
 This Lamb once slain (as't were)  
 yet now's alive again,  
 Resolv'd to break (for *Sions* sake)  
 that 10 horn'd beastly reign.

VVhat Lands did *Rome* admire  
 both hate, and shall, retire,  
 Now make her bare, and 'gainst her war,  
 burn in her flesh with fire.  
 Thus on that whore, Gods will  
 the ten horns must fulfil,  
 Which shall make way, for the lambs sway  
 on *Sions* Holy Hill.

Then

Then *Isr'els* out-casts all  
 and sufferers great and small,  
 Be gathered to *Ghrift* their head,  
 whom his own Spouse, he'll call.  
 This little Stones-Kingdom,  
 a mountain now's become,  
 Nations desire, all things conspire,  
 before it to make room.

Here God will make a feast,  
 of fatts, and wines the best ;  
 That fruitful Tree of life shall be  
 our *Paradisean* feast.  
 This is that joyful day,  
 now sighs all flee away,  
 The Son of God, shall make abode,  
 and raigin in *Zion* aye.

105 Hymn.

*The joy of long differr'd, return of prayers.*  
*Psal. 65. 2, 3. and 126. 5, 6.*

OH thou that hearest prayer  
 to thee all flesh shall come ;  
 How long shall Saints utter complaints,  
 praying for thy Kingdom.  
 How long against our prayers,  
 shall Gods hot anger smoeak ?  
 Whilst men in scorn, exalt their horn,  
 our heart, with tears we soak.

Why

Why hid'st thou in a cloud,  
that prayers can't pass through,  
Iniquities out-vote our cries,  
but them all pardon thou.

Then shall our hearts rejoice  
th' earth then will give increase,  
For God will hear destitute prayer,  
and *Sion* bless with peace.

A Lion then will rise  
and roar out on his prey,  
Seven phials cup that whore shall sup,  
on the Lambs ireful day.

*Sion* shall rise and sing,  
answers our prayer o're take,  
But wo shall fall, on great and small,  
with *Sion* war that make.

O then let's sow in tears  
hoping that harvest day,  
With *Sions* King to reap and sing,  
and shout, *Halelujah*.

(2d. Part.)

*Psal.* 102. 13, 15.

*The return of Prayers.*

**W**hen God again vouchsafes  
to hear his Childrens suit,  
Then for our trouble he'l render double  
to th' prayers o'th' destitute.

Then



Then with a cloud, no more  
will he his count'nance cover  
His Sun again, (after the rain)  
shall shine, and storms fly over.

What comforts then shall spring?  
surrounding *Sions* Hill,  
That all shall sing, that love her King,  
his dews their Fleece will fill.  
Then *Sharons* rose shall bud  
and Lilly of the vale  
With thorns that stood, water'd with blood,  
shall rise, grow strong and tall.

For God by terrible things,  
will answer to us give,  
Thus meek shall eat, be satiate,  
your hearts that seek, shall live.  
Ye Saints then sing for joy,  
for *Babels* helpers all  
Cease from her throne, and every one  
shall with (or from her) fall.

Yee Heavens, Apostles, all,  
joy Prophets, Martyrs! say,  
Now God in wrath, aveng'd us hath,  
Again *Halelujah*.

W  
An

## 107 Hymn.

*An Hymn for the Sabbath or Gospel Jubilee.**Dan. 2. 44. &c.*

**L**ord hast that glorious day of rest  
 that joyful jubilee,  
 Wherein the weary shall be blest,  
 and from oppression free,  
 Hark how the whole creation pants,  
 with thine adopted ones,  
 The King of Righteousness it wants,  
 to set up judgment-thrones.

That stone that from the Mountain was  
 cut out (not in mans hands),  
 Into a mount; O let it pass,  
 that may all powers command,  
 A burdensome foundation stone,  
 in *Sion* then shall lie  
 All that against it spurn (each one)  
 shall by it fall, and dye.

Thus God will raise henceforth his praise  
 avengers all, to still;  
 And crown the patient Saints with bays,  
 with joy, peace, and good will,  
 Then glory, grace, let's to it sing,  
*Babel* is fall'n, wee'l say;  
 This is our King, of him let's ring  
 and shout; *Halelujah.*

108 Hymn.

(Elijahs intercession.)

1 Kings 18. 37. Rom. 11. 3.

**O** God to whom vengeance belongs,  
 lift up thy self on high,  
 Judge of the Earth revenge all wrongs  
 done to thy Majesty.  
 Thy blasphemous and cruel foes,  
 on high exalt their horn,  
 Christs Tabernacle they oppose  
 and at his Kingdom scorn.

Where is our God? in taunt they say,  
 but we in hope, say so:  
 Thy judgements once again display,  
 then, where thou art, they'l know.  
 Oh pay these Isles a recompence,  
 both them that sin, and suffer,  
 Justice, and mercy too, dispense:  
 then thanks and praise wee'l offer.

Turn thou Lord; give us yet one turn,  
 (that all thy rod may feel)  
 Exalt to safety, all that mourn,  
 vile ones make like a wheel.  
 Mans haughtiness, then shall descend  
 with Babel to the dust:  
 A Sword then Christ from heav'n will send,  
 plead with all flesh, it must. Thus

Thus multitudes, (*Armies*) shall fall,  
 i'th valley of decision,  
 Then Christ his witness up will call,  
 and heal this vale of vision.

## 109 Hymn.

*Our Souls are tost 'twixt hope and fear,  
 Lord when shall Sions King appear?*

*Psal. 43. 3, 10. 43. 2.*

**O**H Lord of hosts ! thine enemies boast,  
 against thy Children dear,  
 Come do not stay, hear what they say,  
 where is your Gbd, O where ?  
 Tho' promise made, be long delay'd,  
 Lord Jesus thou hast said,  
 Thy word and will, thou wilt fulfil  
 our hop's in heaven up laid.

These swelling floods, threaten our bloods  
 Religion to ore flow :  
 Upon them look ; through clouds rebuke ;  
 thy vengeance on them show.  
 VVhen Providence of all defence,  
 has stript us utterly ;  
 Do thou alone judge on thy throne,  
 and plead our cause, on high,

Let *Sions* pain, deliverance gain ;  
 and glory to her King,  
 So shall our fear, soon disappear,  
 our sorrows, new songs bring.

**But**

But they that have long dug this grave  
 themselves let in it fall.  
 By mischiefs, cause most healing Laws;  
 subjecting great and small.  
 Open a door of hope. once more :  
 dawn everlasting day,  
 Rescue our Isle, *Babel* beguile ;  
 so wee'l sing, *Hofannah*.

## 110 Hymn.

*Oh Juda's mighty Lion !  
 Return to save thy Sion.*

*Rev. 12. 2, 3.*

**L**ord Jesus hast deliverance,  
 for *Sion's* now in pain,  
 So we thy praises, shall advance,  
 when Christ returns to raign.  
 Our travel now twelve hundred years,  
 (whilst *Babylon* has mirth)  
 Seems long ; yet when our Lord appears,  
 'twill glad, both heav'n and Earth.

The Dragon (seeking to devour,)  
 before the woman stands,  
 His rage, and malice, Lord, o're-power,  
 and from him save Three-Lands.  
 Let our deliverance come from thee,  
 by whom must *Jacob* rise ?  
 Vain's all the help of man (we see,)  
 to the we lift our eyes.

If

If none can save, or plead (a word,)  
 in this ~~while~~ <sup>vale</sup> of decision,  
 Thy mighty ones send down O Lord!  
 thy foes have in derision.  
 Then followers of the Lamb shall sing  
 triumphant Songs, and say  
 Salvation to our head, and King,  
 and praise to thee; O Jah.

## III Hymn.

*On that Psal. 32. 7.*

*With Songs of our deliverance near,  
 Encompass Lord thy People dear.*

O H thou i' th' Heaven's that hast thy feat,  
 deliv'rance that affords;  
 Saviours on *Sion's* mountains set  
 let th' Kingdoms be the Lord's.  
 Thy glorious arm in mighty facts  
 of old thou didst make bare;  
 Now that thy name is near, thine acts  
 of wonder do declare.

Thine Ephah's heapt up full of sin:  
 and ripe the harvest grows;  
 When shall thy reaping work begin,  
 the Vine fat overflows.  
 Thy Char'ots once into the North,  
 were sent, (in num'rous train)  
 Revive thy work, Angels send forth,  
 to quiet thy spirit again.

Fulfil thy wrath ; thou hast begun,  
 dividè thou *Babels* Tongues ;  
 And on her ruins, raise thy Son ;  
 our sorrows, turn to Songs.  
 Then lasting smiles, succeed our frowns,  
 darkness preceeds our day ;  
 To Christ belongs all Thrones, all Crowns,  
 all Isles. *Halelujah.*

## 112 Hymn.

*Cantic. Halelujaticum.*

*Some signs of good the Lord doth show,  
 That all thy name, and power may know,  
 Justice before his face doth go.*

**S**alvations to the Lord belong,  
 Glory and Blessing too,  
 For all that long to do us wrong,  
 hee'lutterly undo.  
 Deliverance sure approaches nigh,  
 and glory i'th' Land shall dwell :  
 Thy Majesty's exalted high,  
 thy Robes of Justice smell.

Thy Harbingers O mighty King !  
 thus run before thy face,  
 'Tis like our Spring, (the Birds so sing)  
 why shou'd we not cry Grace!

Re.

Remember once 'twas *Edom's* word  
 it rase, (to th' bottom) rase,  
 Therefore our Lord their rage abhorr'd  
 and turn'd to us his face.

Mens hearts seem to return again :  
 to pity *Sions* stones ;  
 Earth shakes amain ; for Christ will raign,  
 and raise our dry-dead-bones.  
 Thy Flocks shall feed safe in the woods,  
 the Lion couch in's denn ;  
 The Lord thinks good, t' enquire out blood,  
 so bee't : Lord God ! *Amen.*

## 113 Hymn.

*When God to vengeance once arises,  
 Joy Saints ; but sinners wrath surprises.  
 In a gloss on Judg. 5. 2. 11. Dent. 32. 42.*

**L**ord for thy mercy's sake,  
 for Saints some vengeance take,  
 For unto thee appeal do we ;  
 that heav'n and earth didst make.  
 Unto thy Saints return,  
 that wrath may cease to burn,  
 Now let our God, burn up his rodd :  
 so comfort them that mourn.

How long shall furious might  
 insult o're godly right?  
 Lord let thy Sword fulfil thy word,  
 with right, O judge and fight.



And when our Heavens do smile  
to save this floating Isle,  
*Sion*, shall bless thy righteousness  
whom they sought to defile.

Then *Babels* pride shall fall,  
her Towers, and Captains all,  
Her noble ones, cease from their thrones;  
the Captives from their thrall.  
Then *Sions* Sons shall say,  
'Tis he for whom we stay!  
Lo! he again, is come to reign,  
Lord welcome! *Hosannah*.

## 114 Hymn.

*When God our freedom shall effect,  
Great joy accrues to his Elect.*

*Isaiah 26. 1, ult. Nahum. 1. ult.*

**W**hen God from *Babel* shall release  
his Captive Saints most dear  
All wrong and violence quite shall cease  
Christ will the Scepter bear.  
No persecuting Wolf shall rage  
to tear the Lambs of God,  
Peace runs with truth from age to age,  
and God will burn his rod.

The Lord Salvation will appoint,  
for Walls and Bulwarks too,  
Tho' he no man to save anoint,  
that work himself hee'l do.

Tho'

Tho' he for *Jacob's* seed Elea,  
 will use nor bow, nor Sword,  
 His power alone soon can effect  
 to save, ev'n with a word.  
 Then truth o're th' earth shall spring apace  
 the Gospel shall succeed,  
 Justice shall run before his face,  
 t' avenge each bloody deed.

*Sion* her solemn Feasts shall hold  
 the *Belials* be no more,  
 Christs flocks shall safely feed, and fold,  
 and sing the Lamb before.  
 O Earth cover not thou the slain,  
 ye Saints shout loud, and say,  
 Lord Jesus hast to judge and reign,  
 come quickly, come away.

## 115 Hymn.

*Victoria Halelujatica* (1st. part.

*The ay with Halelujahs rings,  
 When God the beast to judgement brings.*

*Rev. 12. 9, 10.*

**L**ord thou art strong and righteous too,  
 and so dost judge, and fight,  
 The vengeance of thy Temple show,  
 and do thy poor ones right.  
 Hark how the whole Creation groans,  
 and *Sion* cries for pain;  
 Longing to see the judgment thrones  
 and Christ set there to reign. **K&A-**

Awake, awake, thou arm that brak,  
 of old proud *Rahabs* head;  
 And of *Lev'athan* food didst make,  
 for Saints, i'th' desert led.  
 Now *Babels* whore as Queen would ride,  
 in bloody scarlet colour,  
 O call from Wilderness thy bride,  
 and hasten *Babels* dolour.

Then we Salvation to our God,  
 and to the Lamb shall sing,  
 For he alone the Winepress trod,  
 and shall our harvest bring.  
 Before him righteousness shall tread,  
 and follow him shall peace;  
 To springs of joy his Lambs hee'l lead,  
 all pain, with sin shall cease.

## 116 Hymn.

2d. part of the *Lambs Victory.*

*The Lambs bride comes t' a nuptial feast,  
 When God has judg'd both whore and beast.*

*Rev. 19. 7, 8, 9.*

**Y**E Saints *Hosannahs* sing,  
 behold here comes your King:  
 Your faith may spy, your victory  
 and healing under's wing.  
 Now take triumphant palms,  
 sing joyful hymns, and psalms,  
 Your Pilat will these proud Seas still  
 and cause eternal calmes,

Just vengeance Christ will take,  
 for's Temple (people) sake,  
 Strong is the Lord, and true's his word,  
*Rome* desolate he'll make.  
 Then the Lamb's marked ones  
 with him ascend to Thrones ;  
 Both Jew and Greek, to him shall seek ;  
*Sion* shall bear new Sons.

Oh Saints awake arise  
 (beautiful in Gods eyes)  
 Shake off your bands, with *Sampsons* hands,  
 resume your Liberties.  
 For Christ took flesh that we  
 no more might Captives be ;  
 His blood alone, purchast this throne,  
 there with him sit shall we.

Lord Jesus come away,  
 we waiting for thee stay ;  
 Jf at thy feet, to sit be sweet,  
 much more's thy throne ; O *Jah*;

*117 Hymn.*

*Whoso the Book of Providence reads,  
 May'dmire at these his noble deeds.*

*Psalms 111. 2, 5, 6.*

**T**O God that all things made,  
 lets sing with heart and voice ;  
 Heav'ns, Earth, proclaim their Makers name,  
 but Saints, much more rejoyce.

To him that by his word,  
all Creatures did produce,  
Whose holy will, all shall fulfil  
in order, ends and use.

To him whose wisdom, pow're  
in all his works are shown,  
Which wond'rous are, and all declare,  
that he is God alone.

To him whose promise is  
a faithful word alway,  
Nor ever shall one tittle fail  
that ever God did say.

To them he meat hath given,  
that to his fear are bent;  
Whom once he takes, he ne're forsakes  
minding his Covenant.  
Let him from Isles therefore,  
high songs of glory have,  
From Idol *Rome*, and Martyrdom,  
that wond'rously doth save.

Salvation to our God;  
and to the Lamb on high;  
Him set above, him praise and love,  
he wins the victory. *Amen.*

## 118 Hymn.

*The just thus triumph over all,  
That hating hope to see their fall.*

*On Psal. 37. 12, 14, 32.*

**T**He Lord that loveth righteousness,  
will upright ones protect,  
Against their wyles, and practises  
that violence project.  
The wicked plots against the Life  
of just ; (but it conceals,)  
Thier lust conceiv'd, (nigh birth, and rise)  
God with a blast reveals.

The men of violence and deceit,  
and such as just men hate ;  
Thou Lord ! most wise, doest them defeat  
and wilt make desolate.  
That we being deliv'red free,  
from their hands that us hate,  
The safe possessors then might be  
ev'n of our enemies gate.

Lord cease the hate of wicked men,  
to those that Christ affect ;  
Or or'e them rule ; come once agen,  
all to thy feet subject:  
When God the Earth with peace shall bless,  
the states with righteousness :  
When Tyrants cease meek to oppress  
then all shall Christ confess. Then

Then mourners glorious garments wear  
 of praise, when Christ will call,  
 All nations 'fore him to appear :  
 then God shall judge them all.

## 119 Hymn.

*Changes below, shall all fulfil,  
 Not man's, but God's most holy will.*

**T**He Lord most high doth sit above  
 his Councils wisdom are ;  
 To Saints he bears eternal love,  
 why should we then despair ?  
 If wicked ones exalt their horn  
 and prosper for a while ;  
 God eyes them with contempt and scorn ;  
 but will on's people smile.

No waves, Gods Ark, can e're o'reflow,  
 tho' they may foam and swell ;  
 They cannot past his License go,  
 that in this Ship, doth dwell.  
 This World is hurl'd about, and reels  
 nothing can stablsh't 'bide,  
 Till faith that Rock of ages feels,  
 on him we may confide.

The reins (tho' in the vilest hands)  
 Christ sits above to sway,  
 When he to turn about commands,  
 all must his will obey.

None's

None's like the God of *Jeshurun* ;  
 riding in's excellence ;  
 (With healing in his wings ; ) a Sun ;  
 and Shield for our defence.  
 Ride on, prosper, O mighty one !  
 till all shall thee obey,  
 To thee alone, belongs each Throne,  
*Amen*, to this we say.

## 120 Hymn.

*All things shall rowl, and reel, and shake,  
 Till Christ comes all anew to make.*

*Hag. 2. 7. Ester 9. 1.*

**T**He praise of Gods most holy name,  
 Oh let us sing alway,  
 He is eternally the same,  
 his mercy lasts for aye.  
 That we are not consum'd, it is  
 because he changes never ;  
 I'th' burning bush, or deep abyss,  
 his pow'r preserves us ever.

Our foes hate us with bitter wrath,  
 (and hate us ever will,)  
 Through grace, he that receiv'd us hath,  
 and lov'd, will love us still.  
 Lord, heaven and earth, sea and dry land,  
 begin to reel and shake ;  
 That God deliv'rance may command,  
 for his own *Zion's* sake,

**Come**



Come forth all people, and behold  
 what turnings God has wrought,  
 His people to redeem; (of old,)  
 that sold themselves for nought:  
*Rahab* he brake, for *Isra'ls* sake  
 proud *Haman* disappointed:  
*Sions* *Messiah's* right will take,  
 for he's the Lords anoynted.

Once more Lord shake, and overturn,  
 by th' Reign o' th' little stone:  
 That Saints may sing, and *Babel* mourn,  
 and Christ be 'xalt'd alone.

## 121. Hymn.

*This Hymn of praise, our Nation,  
 Should sing for Gods Salvation.*

*Isaiah 24, 15, 16.*

**Y**E People of the Isles abroad,  
 Gods fearful praises tell,  
 'Tis he alone that's our own God,  
 that saves from lowest Hell.  
 Thou from the pit of human wrath  
 in which water was none,  
 (Like *Isaiah's*) the afflicted hath  
 pluck't, by thy hand alone.

From *Hamans* fierce cruel devise  
 from *Spanish* Inquisition,  
 From Conscience Tyranny, (most wise  
 Lord) be our safe Physitian. From

From *Nimrod's*, *Herod's*, *Absolon's*  
 insatiate Tyranny's :  
 From *Judas*, *Doeg's*, *Nero's* Sons  
 their crafts, and cruelty's.

So we (Lord) saved by thine arm  
 thy wisdom, grace, and strength,  
 From Serpents wiles, and *Dragons* charm  
 shall fear, praise thee at length.  
 To thee we look for safety now,  
 our help on thee shall stay,  
 Oh King, do thou make all heads bow  
 before thy feet, O *Jah*.

## 122 Hymn.

Where Christ in saving power dwells,  
 That Land call it Immanuel's.

*Isaiah* 8. 8. *Hab.* 3. 2.

**V**hen God from *Teman* march't,  
 'gainst *Judah's* adversary,  
 In *Palestine*, was his design  
 to place his Sanctuary.  
 Heathen in wrath he thrasht,  
 dy'd red his Garments were,  
 To *Isra'ls* nation rode for Salvation ;  
 because the Lord was there.

There *Zion's* mount he chose  
 his Tent in it to rear,  
 All that invaded it were made,  
 to feel the Lord was there. Like

Like as for our two Isles,  
 God did of old appear,  
 So for ingrateful ones, of late,  
 that mighty God was here.

The wonders God has wrought,  
 will show his Name is near,  
 Happy our Lands, if God commands,  
*Immane'l's* throne, up here.  
 That City, truly may  
 be call'd the City of God,  
 Where Christ on high, in's majesty,  
 does raign, and make abode.

With reverence to the Lamb,  
 these Nations shall therefore  
 Bow and adore, thy throne before ;  
 O *Jah* for evermore.

## 123. Hymn.

*The soul traversing vales along,  
 Out of its deeps Eccho's this song.*

*as Psal. 40. 7. 130. 1, 2.*

**I**N every state ; O Lord !  
 i'll tune my heart, for praise ;  
 My sickness, health, poverty, wealth,  
 life, death ; thy glory raise.  
 When men despise me most  
 or curse ; whom thou hast blest,  
 If for thy name, I suffer shame ;  
 thy glor'on me shall rest.

If

If poor, naked, and bare,  
 (as Job) in Garments rent ;  
 My future blifs, true treasure is,  
 with that my Soul's content.  
 No honours here. i'le seek ;  
 nor hunt applause with men,  
 A better state, I emulate,  
 to be God's Citizen.

My pris'n a Palace turns,  
 my torments yeild me ease ;  
 The Lions Den, hot wrath of men,  
 yeild joy, comfort, and peace.  
 When others much abound,  
 for nothing i'le endeavour  
 To spend my breath ; and life to death,  
 that I may praise thee, ever.

## 124 Hymn.

*The soul, resign'd in all affection,  
 To Gods will yeilds entire subjection.*

2 Sam. 15. 25, 26,

**T**Hy holy and commanding will,  
 Lord, let me know, and do :  
 And all thy wise disposals still  
 submit to undergo.  
 Whole hecatombs of lusts here lyes  
 (once dear as my right eye)  
 Them at thy feet i'le Sacrifice,  
 and so to sin, will dye.

This

This glittering world (to some so dear  
 with all its poyson's sweet,  
 I neither want, nor love, nor fear,  
 all lies dead under feet.

My *Isa'cks* that so much content,  
 (as pleasant pictures) gave,  
 I am (with some a do) content  
 that God (at's call) should have.

The presence of thine Ark, I place  
 and prize, next to my heav'n;  
 Yet if my Lord suspend his face,  
 my hopes, and joys stand even.  
 Yea Lord, if I must prostrate lye,  
 to smiters, i'le endeavour,  
 In silence meek, to yeild my cheek,  
 these deeps, shall praise thee ever.

May I of God this one thing crave,  
 i'le better joys ask none,  
 Ere I descend my darksome grave,  
 to see Christ set on's throne.

## 125 Hymn.

*Tryals as waves succeed, and rowl  
 But can't o'whelm the faithful soul.*

*Psal. 42. 5, 7. ult. Jona. 2. 4.*

**H**elp Lord the deeps or'whelm my soul,  
 in mi'ry clay i'm fast.  
 I to my Rock, for shelter rowl,  
 till all my storms are past.

The

The fouds of wicked men, their voice,  
 have lifted up on high ;  
 The Saints twixt hope and fear, they hoyle,  
 while Christ asleep doth lye.  
 Satans high tempting winds do roar,  
 my faith's about to droop :  
 Spying, nor Sun, nor Star, nor Shoar,  
 I loose my Anchor-hope.

But tho' my Lord retires, or walks  
 on waves, (ev'n like some sp'rit)  
 My stormy Bark he boards ; and talks ;  
 hee'l all things put to right.  
 That Ship where Christ steers at the helm,  
 the Holy Spirit gives gales :  
 No Winds or Waves, her overwhelm,  
 Gods promise (her Mast) ne're fails.

Oh when that little-ston's-Kingdom,  
 grows to a Mountain-blest ;  
 Gods tossed Barks to Anchor come  
 within vail, safe, to rest.

## 126 Hymn.

*The thankful soul desires always ;  
 In every thing to give God praise.*

*Dan. 6. 10. Phil. 3. 1. 1 Thes. 5. 16, 18.*

**L**ord tune my heart always  
 to sing thy lofty praise :  
 Yea tho' in deeps, me low, thou keeps,  
 for thence thou can'st me raise.

L

Thy

Thy hands at first me made,  
 and ever since me staid ;  
 When sunk beneath ; that pit of death ;  
 thine arms were underlaid.  
 VWhen mercies we receive,  
 its justice, praise to give ;  
 But O to sing's a comely thing,  
 and joy, tho' all things grieve.

Some Birds all night do sing,  
 but only in the spring ;  
 My winter night, shall sparkle bright  
 in hopes, i'le praises bring.  
 Tho' Zion wast may lye,  
 and Babels Sons are high ;  
 The righteous shall behold their fall,  
 standing that Red-Sea-by.

Such joys, Lord may I gain,  
 and such First-fruits obtain ;  
 My desert (even) shall look like heaven ;  
 my crown foretells my raign.

127 Hymn.

*The Shepherd learns his young to go,  
 And how they may their Father know,  
 Of them his tender care to show.*

*Psal. 8. 2. Isai. 5. 17. Hos. 11. 3, 4.*

**A**S I the Feilds o'th' wood did go,  
 a Shepherds voice, most sweet,  
 I hear'd, and thought I did him know  
 but fear'd ; and fell at's feet.

For's

For's head and face, most awfome was,  
as though i'd seen a God,

But sweet his words, (as *Barnabus*)  
in's hands, I spi'd a rod.

With this (said he) my flock shall be  
(and tender Lambs) all fed ;

With this such blows i'l give my foes ;  
shall bruise the Dragons head.

I soon discern'd my Shepherds voice ;  
he sooner, my condition ;

My heart through hopes 'gan to rejoyce,  
at's feet I made petition

Lord me to health (when sick) restore ;

When lame, apply thy baulm,

Lead me, that I may stray no more,  
my swelling Seas, O calm.

When God shall strength, by *Babes* ordain,  
avenging-foes to still,

Lambs in fat, pastures, hee'l maintain,

and reign 'or'e them he will,

Fear not, O little flock ! for know

that 'tis your Fathers pleasure,

On you the Kingdom to bestow,

and rich durable treasure.

L. 2

Christ



128 *Hymn.*

*Christ for his kids, fights a fierce duel,  
With Foxes, Wolves, and Lions cruel.*

*Cant. 1. 7. Psal. 9. 16. Ezek. 34. 12.*

**A**SI upon the Mountains high,  
(poor Kid alone) did creep,  
I hear'd an eccho to the cry;  
the Shepherd's voice to's sheep.  
The Northside of the Mount did yell  
with houlings beasts all day,  
Where Lions, Wolves, and Foxes dwell;  
and hunt for *Nimrods* prey.

On to'ther side the mount I found,  
two little flocks of Kids;  
Feeding their Shepherds Tents a round:  
Christ standing them amidst.  
Then I to him aloud, cry'd out.  
Lord sheild thy Lambs from harm;  
Prevent these beasts that range about:  
thy flocks against them arm.

His grant he soon to me dispatch't,  
(good news comes soft as oyle)  
These Beasts are watch't, and shall be catch't,  
in their own net, and toyl.  
No Lion on my Lambs shall roar,  
nor ev'ning Wolves devour:  
Foxes shall lay their plots no more;  
i'le sheild them, by my power.

Thou

Thou Lord alone, thy self mak'st known,  
 just judgments to display,  
 When th' wickeds bands, snare their own hands,  
*Higgaijon (sing) Selah.*

## 129 Hymn.

*Christ visiting his Lambs, most tender,  
 Doth arm himself, as their defender.*

*as Mic. 2. 12. 5. 5, 8, 9. Zacr. 10. 3, 4.*

**O** all ye Lambs of God,  
 that to your King belong ;  
 See what a tender, and strong defender,  
 your Shepherd's to his young.  
 His blood for them he shed,  
 will he deny them bread ?  
 Shall God dear buy, and men destroy  
 that flock, o're whom he's head ?

Do Wolves and Lions roar ?  
 (tho' fierce) they are his Cattle ;  
 These all hee'l take ; but you will make  
 like's goodly Horse, for battle.  
 Your Lord first from above,  
 you visited, in's love,  
 And surely when he comes again,  
 to dens these all remove.

Then fear not converts young,  
 to *Zion* that belong,  
 For judgment shall your foes be full,  
 but you shall have a song, **L 3** Both

Both North, and South, shall sing, bro'th  
 in hope; for Zions King is at morning  
 V Vill search for guilt of blood, long spilt,  
 and lore each lofty thing (god) will  
 The Lamb shall sit alone  
 to judge on Zions throne,  
 And raiga in peace, truth, righteousness,  
 and t' hear his pris'ners groan.

## 130 Hymn by J. B.

*The Shepherd's rod commands subjection,*

*'The flock (tho' under sore correction)*

*Yields sacrifice in hot affection.*

*Psal. 23. 4, 5. Ezek. 20. 37. &c.*

**A**S I among the flocks of Godly  
 did walk, I heard a noise,  
 Like crying, caus'd by a sharp rod; which  
 yet't made my soul rejoyce.  
 One cry'd, my soul (Lord) I weary is,  
 because of murderers;  
 Another fight for whats amiss,  
 and 'cause our hope defers.  
 Some said we're for thy sake, all day  
 (Lord) to be slain, design'd;  
 The rest to beasts are made a prey,  
 (yet to Gods will resign'd.)  
 This sad, O wheres our Shepherd gone?  
 that us'd t' be us among;  
 And that did (fighting) drop this groan,  
 But thou O Lord how long? VVhy

VVhy art t' from us, absent so long,  
as weary of thy flock ?

In justice Lord avenge our wrong ;  
for thou rt our anchor's rock.

At last one (*David-like*) was born,  
riding on's Cherubim,  
(Priest like) on's side, th' writers inkhorn,  
all th' Angels worshp't him :

His awful head, all Crowns did wear,  
the rocks before him break :

All th' Ele&ts names, on's breast did bear,  
and thus (*King like*) he spake.

(2d. part.) 131 Hymn.

*The Lord to Christ this purpose sware,  
That he who our transgressions bare ;  
Should thus, for us himself declare.*

(*personating Christ*) as *Matth. 11. 28.*

**T**O me all pow'r doth now belong ;  
my lambs rejoyce and sing,

My scattered flocks I dwell among  
your Prophet, Preist, and King.

I made my self a sacrifice,  
your peace so to obtain :

And to fulfil the prophecies,  
now only King i'le reign.

Your foes before you i'le subdue,  
and plague all that me hate,

But keep with you my cov'nant true,  
blest all on me that wait.

Do *Gebal, Ammon, Amalek,*  
 against my flock conspire :  
 Their plots, and hairy scalps, i<sup>e</sup> break,  
 and vex them in mine ire.

For I to purchase you have bled,  
 by that dear price, ye're mine ;  
 And for your sake, will interceed,  
 to compleat my design.

Thus ev'ry knee, shall bow to me,  
 by force, or free accord ;  
 Each eye shall see the majesty,  
 and judgment of the Lord,

This tidings told, I could not hold,  
 but heart, and tongue, must raise,  
 And to the laud bowing, made bold  
 to lisp, and sing his praise.

(3d. part.) 132 Hymn.

*Gods Flocks now sing their songs to him,  
 That did to God, their souls redeem,  
 Their Shepherd, worthy of all esteem.*

*Revel. 4. 11, — 5. 9, 12, 13, 14. v.*

**O**H Shepherd of Gods flock,  
 thou only worthy art

That we always, should sound thy praise,  
 in life, in lip, and heart.

As lost Sheep were we all,  
 straying now here, now there

Thou Lord on him, laid'st all our sin,  
 he paid't in's blood, most dear.

VVhat.

What e're God promised,  
 hee'l certainly compleat :  
 When all is done ; all foes are gone,  
 then Saints ascend his seat.  
 Ye Angels, Cherubs all  
 adjoyn with Seraphim,  
 Unite your votes, extend your notes  
 in loudest praise of him.

To him that was that lamb,  
 (Gods sacrifice of old,)  
 He that was slain shall shortly raign,  
 the keeper of Gods fold.  
 To him whose watchful eyes,  
 mischiefs, and spite espies.  
 That will with right judgment requite  
 mens haughty ft majesties.

To Angels praises then,  
 joyn Saints, and Sons of men,  
*Hosannah's* loud, raise to the cloud,  
 sing praises, do't again.

## 133 Hymn.

*Elders, and Witnesses each one,  
 Fall down before the Lambs high throne,  
 And sound his praise themselves alone,  
 Apoc. 7. 9, 11, 14, 17. chap. 8. 1.*

**A** S I before the lamb's high throne,  
 (with songs and palms) did stand,  
 Among that multitude stood one,  
 that silence did command.

Then

Then (bowing) I obeysance paid,  
 (all th' Elders did the same)  
 Their four and twenty Crowns. all laid  
 at th' footstool of the lamb.  
 One of those Elders (for the rest)  
 his strict enquiry made,  
 What is this multitude (so blest,)  
 with Palms? one spake, and said.

From tribulation great these came,  
 their robes they've washed white,  
 And purify'd i'th' blood of th' lamb,  
 made (thus) just in Gods sight.  
 Martyrs (with Witnesses) now make  
 their loud appeal, and true;  
 How long Lord er'e thou 'l vengeance take  
 and give that beast his due?

When shall dry bones revive again,  
 and sing that sleep in th' dust?  
 Then *Zion's* King in's glory 'll reign,  
 (the Islands hope, and trust.)  
 Now sing, for now th' ambush is fixt,  
 (and God has hid the gin)  
 That our reward, their vengeance, (mixt)  
 with joy will soon bring in.

*Thy*

134. Hymn.  
*Thy mercy's loads, and multitudes,  
 My soul in praises thus includes.  
 As Psal. 68. 19. 136. 1. ult. 150. 2, 3, 6.*

*(in above 20 benefits.)*

**Y**E heavens sing praises to the Lord,

Let Saints their blessings bring,

Let th' earth his benefits all record,

yea praise him ev'ry thing.

Praise him for 's old electing love,

and Christs redemption-blood,

His spirit, and grace, that from above,

rain'd Manna, for our food.

Him praise, whose pour did all create,

and providence them maintain;

And will renew their lapsed state;

that Christ o're all, may raigin.

For light, and peace, and health, oh do

(for day and night) him praise;

For comforts, yea and crosses too;

for good, or evil days.

For faith, and patience, joy likewise,

in God, lets sing and boast,

Who causes grace, in's exercise,

triumph ith' Holy Ghost.

Him bless that plots, and plotters all

doth wondrously detect;

Causing those wrongs on them to fall,

that they meant, for th' Elect.

Now



Now comes our King, Zion's his throne,  
 to th' whore hee'l vengeance pay,  
 His flock shall sit, and sing each one,  
 praise him : *Hallelujah.*

135 Hymn.

*This instrument of seven strings  
 (In parts,) on our Salvation sings:  
 And joy to souls and Islands brings.*

**S**ing to the Lord ye Saints  
 a new triumphant Song,  
 Let Isles abroad know that to God  
 Salvation doth belong  
 From Dragon, beast and whore,  
 from pits of desolation ;  
 That gap't each hour, us to devour,  
 he wrought so great Salvation

For his unworthy flock  
 (a poor, and peeled Nations)  
 So has our God in's, Chariot rode  
 for sinful ones Salvation.  
 No merit was in us,  
 nor price of ours it bought,  
 For God (if he will work) is free:  
 Salvation gives, for nought.

If means a wanting be,  
 he (by divine creation,  
 VVith or without) can bring about  
 himself, decreed Salvation. **Lord**

Lord thy design and end  
 on us let grace obtain,  
 (VVhen judgements done) O let thy Son  
 by our Salvation, raign.

Then songs of praise, will we  
 joyn with *Romes* Lamentations :  
 And palms will bear, for Christ shall wear.  
 the Crown of our Salvation.

## 136 Hymn.

*Herein the Isles wait, and petition  
 Jesus to be King, and Physitian.*

*As in Psal. 72. 15. and 106. 4, 5.*

**L**ord let thy Son his Kingdom come,  
 for which our Isles do wait,  
 For when his throne obtains its room  
 'twill cure both Church and state.  
 The good of those that thou hast choose,  
 Lord grant our eyes may see ;  
 That we before thee, may joy, and glory,  
 with these thy heritage be.

Hark to the groans, and piteous moans,  
 of all that suffer wrong,  
 Thy throne inherit, quiet thy spirit ;  
 in those that cry, how long !  
 Then mounts to's throne that mighty one ;  
 with righteousness begirt,  
 O're Isles that head, shall princes lead ;  
 or tread, like mortar-dirt.

Re-

Religion then, with righteous men,  
 shall be no more oppress,  
 The Mytres horns, the vulgar scorns ;  
 the whole creations blest.  
 Then Psalms shall be, Lord sung to thee,  
 Salvation to the lamb ;  
 To Saints increase of joy, and peace ;  
 to foes eternal shame.

## 137 Hymn.

*Here's prayer for Zions joy and peace,  
 That wickeds rage for aye, may cease.*

*As Psal. 7. 1, 2, 6, 9. and 122. 6, 7.*

**L**ord quell the rage of wicked men,  
 their Councells countermine :  
 Releive thy *Daniels* from their den ;  
 and once more save thy Vine.  
 For they not against us, but thee,  
 this crafty Council took ;  
 Upon their rage, and villany,  
 Lord (through this cloud) O look.

Be thou a sheild, us to defend,  
 when they our flesh would eat  
 Help from thy Sanctuary send,  
 and mind our low estate.  
 No confidence in men we place,  
 nor yet in Princes high,  
 Now mortals can't releive our case,  
 their promise proves a lye.

But

But God has said, no weapon made,  
 prospers against the just  
 Their Swords shall their own breasts invade,  
 at *Zions* sheild that thrust,  
 Shortly the Kingdoms of this world,  
 to Christ our Lord shall turn;  
 The beast in a deep pit be hurl'd,  
 and *Babel-Rome* shall burn.

The Lambs most holy war's at hand;  
 which victory attends:  
 And triumph, (in *Emanuel's Land*,)  
 with *Halelujahs* ends.

## 138 Hymn.

To Christ our well belov'd, this song,  
 Of's fruitful Vineyard: does belong.  
 (as *Isai. 5. 1, 5.* —and *Psal. 80. &c.*)

**Y**E Sons of men, in Nations all,  
 this parable, attend,  
 You *Zions* Sons, obey this call,  
 to th' *Shepherds* voice, now bend.  
 There is on earth a noble Vine,  
 planted within our Isle,  
 That shall e'r long in beauty shine,  
 for God will on it smile,

By nature it was wild at first,  
 sprung off a stock most base:  
 Of Trees (for fruit, and use,) the worst,  
 till it transplanted was.

At

At last, the Lords electing love,  
 of wild did make it tame :  
 Into th' true Vine, did it remove,  
 thus fruitful it became.  
 Its branches, o're the wall are spread  
 its leaves (in winter) green,  
 Its Clusters full of wine (most red)  
 a sight, fair to be seen,

And shall the Lord its fence destroy ?  
 (who watches it each hour.)  
 Or let the Foxes it' annoy,  
 the grapes thereof devour ?  
 Oh no ! his Vine, hee'l visit again,  
 destroy both Fox, and Boar :  
 From violence hee'l its peace maintain ;  
 raign in't, for evermore.

## 139 Hymn.

*God hears Saints prayers, and so has brought,  
 Plotters conspiracies, to naught. Psal. 83. 3, 10.  
 (as Psal. 37. 12, 13 ; 32, 33. v. )*

**T**He righteous unto God do cry,  
 his ears to them inclines,  
 Defeats all vile conspiracy,  
 that crafty men design.  
 For they against the just are bent,  
 and crafty Council take,  
 And *Midians* Princes do consent ;  
 Lord like a wheel them make.

The

The Dukes of *Amiteck*, *Edom's* stock,  
 (with five *Philistim* Lords)  
 Consult against thine hidden flock,  
 and these (Lord) are their words :  
 The name of *Isra'l* now wee'l rase,  
 their memory wee'l devour,  
 The houses fair, of God deface ;  
 and these two Isles make our.

Lord rise, them see, and disappoint  
 their tongues O Lord divide ;  
 Some Saviours (*Gideon*-like) anoint,  
 and all their crafts deride.  
 That man may know thy pow'r is high  
 in all the earth abroad ;  
 May hear, and fear thy Majesty ;  
 for thou alone art God.

## 140 Hymm.

*The Lord in wisdom plots defeats  
 That justice may fulfil his threats.*

*Psal. 7. 13, 14, 15, 16. and Psal. 9. 16.*

**T**Hy wisdom Lord is deep,  
 thy might who dare withstand,  
 Thy wonders are beyond compare,  
 when thou lifts up thy hand.  
 Associate ye your selves,  
 combine ; together stand ;  
 Consult again, but all's in vain,  
 against *Immanuel's* Land.

M

For

For God has firmly sworn,  
 (his hand laid on his throne)  
 Eternal war, he will prepare,  
 For's Son who sits thereon,  
 He that so deep a pit,  
 To catch his Brother delves,  
 Both he, and all his part'ners fall  
 and in it sink themselves.

Thus God does wrongs repay,  
 vengeance retaliate,  
 No majesty was e're too high  
 but he above them fate.  
 Oh then let's sing thy praise,  
 whose works so wond'rous be;  
 Ye saved flock, extoll your rock,  
 to him for safty flee. *Exod. 18. 9, 10, 11.*

141 *Hymn.*  
*For Sion worshipping in Babylon.*  
*(after the 102 Psal.) v. 13.*

**H**OW many Lord are the complaints,  
 of *Sions* Children dear,  
 How long shall Saints endure restraints  
 that worship in thy fear?  
 We see no signs (in our dark times)  
 of an approaching good:  
*Romes* whore still climbs to higher crimes,  
 threatning more guilt and blood.

Thy

Thy holy worship men pollute  
 and Sanctuaries tread ;  
 With feet of bruits, because it suits  
 unto that ten horned head.  
 But yet our God will rise at last  
 and mercy wil't extend,  
 To *Sion* thou wil't favour show  
 when time foreset does end.

For in her stones thy holy ones  
 secret delight do take  
 And therefore must pittie her dust,  
 till God her breach up make.  
 Then shall the Jew and Gentile too,  
 the true *Messiah* 'dore,  
 The Nations all him worship shall,  
 and praise for evermore.

## 142 Hymn.

*An hymn of Consolation for Sions mourners.*

**C**Omfort your selves, ye mourners all  
 to *Sion* that belong,  
 Shake off your bands, hark to this call,  
 arise, sing a new song.  
 You that are Children of the day,  
 and yet in darkness sit,  
 Your cloudy shadows fly away,  
 day spring will soon you visit.

M 2 For



For you have indignation born  
 from God, and men likewise;  
 But now your comforts all, return,  
 your Sun will quickly rise.  
 Hark how the Nations rush and rage,  
 for God their fury, hath  
 In mercy, now begun t' aswage,  
 and from us turns his wrath.

A banner of safety and love;  
 he for his truth displays,  
 And upon *Sions* Hill above  
 her King, his Scepter sways.  
 O then ye in the Isles that dwell,  
 wait yet a little while,  
 In faith do but this storm, repell,  
 and so your heavens shall smile.

All signs (Lord) of thy burning wrath,  
 in favour take away;  
 In pleasant streams, us cool and bathe.  
*Amen. Hallelujah.*

## 143 Hymn.

*Of Christ news, by a new star came,  
 May n't we still expect the same;  
 God will by them his Son proclaim.*

*As Job 38. 7. Psal. 19. 2, 3.*

**T**Hy glory Lord the Heav'n on high  
 and firmament declares,  
 Yea all their hoasts thee magnifie,  
 consorting with the stars.

The

The brightness, number, influence,  
 of starry-skies proclaim  
 Their Makers skill and excellence,  
 that gives them all their name.

Sometimes (for God) they battles fight,  
 and (in their course) declare,  
 The deaths, and woes, of men of might  
 that great oppressors are.  
 At first creation, then behold !  
 these Sons of God all sing,  
 A new star Christ to th' wise men told  
 born to the Jews a King.

Such new and dreadful fights portend  
 what shall this world affright :  
 When Jesus shall again descend,  
 to judge, and save th' upright.  
 Thou star of *Jacob* ; rise, appear,  
 come bright and morning star ;  
 Irradiate our dark hemisphere,  
 O bee'nt so long, so far.

Thy rising brings *Britains* day spring,  
 and frights *Herodians* proud ;  
 hen Sons of God again shall sing,  
 Lord hast, shine through our cloud.

## 144 Hymn.

*When once Gods terrible acts are past,*

*Things gratefuller obtain at last.*

*as Psal. 65. 8. and 102. 13, 19. 22. 1st. part.*

**W**hen God his peoples prayer shall hear,  
 both Heav'n and Earth shall shake,  
 Sinners in *Zions* trembling fear,  
 yea *Moses* shall quake.  
 Mountains shall pass, and Hills will hop,  
 Fountains and Floods be dry'd,  
 Foundations shake and Head shall drop,  
 and from them Crowns will glide.

That Comet God, shakes a rod,  
 threat'ning to make us weep;  
 'Twas form'd (brush-like) as sent of God;  
 both World and Church to sweep.  
 But when these dire effects of fire,  
 of Famin, Plague, and War,  
 Shall issue, in Nations desire  
 then shines that Morning Star.

His beams shall every thing revive,  
 his rod shall blossom still;  
 His humble ones, hee'l save alive,  
 his Sword vile rebels kill.  
 One star at's first appearance shone  
 with light, and influence:  
 Now may we give him, on's new throne,  
 o're all, preheminnence.

Did

Did these wise men so much rejoice  
seeing that star again,

O what a sweet melodious voice?  
sounds at's eternal reign?

145. Hymn.

*The Spouses beauty in Christs sight,  
Commended is with great delight.*

*Pf. 45. 10. — 14. Isai. 60. 13. 45. Apo. 19. 7*

**L**ord I an *Ethiopian* was,  
fall'n, and born in sin;  
Till thou (in pity) by did pass  
and love, so didst begin.  
Sin and affliction, made me foul,  
to wo, and wrath, expos'd;  
Till Jesus Oyl and Wine, my soul  
pour'd in, my wounds to close.

His robe of righteousness he spread  
(so expiating guilt; )  
He clad and fed me, crown'd my head,  
then washt me from my filth.  
Whilst I admir'd thus at his love,  
(his kindness shamed me: )  
He further, for a time did move,  
when I espous'd should be.

A day wherein his love, my joy  
he shortly would compleat:  
When Angels should their hymns employ,  
to 'dore his glorious seat.

When darkness, distance, pain all cease,  
 with sin and sinners too :  
 All th' Enemies of *Zion's* peace,  
 hee'l utterly undo.  
 God will (at noon) rest in his love :  
 at night that rest shall ease us ;  
 And we all Shepherds Tents-above,  
 shall reign with Royal-Jesus.

## 146 Hymn.

*Daughters of Zion, go forth, and come away,  
 To see your Sol'mon crown'd that joyous day.*

*Cant. 3. 11.*

**A**LL yee that *Zion's* Daughters be,  
 Go forth to meet your King  
 That Crown, his Mother gave him ; see ;  
 at's Marriage : with him sing.  
 In *Sol'mons* reign at once did dwell  
 both wisdom, wealth, and peace :  
 So Christ (that Type) will far excel :  
 In's days, all wars shall cease  
 At th' entrance of his blessed reign,  
 the Harlots judge will be.

And all the Kings, have with them lain,  
 with Harlots, doom'd shall be.  
 A black afflicted Sun-burn't bride  
 from *Egypt*, hee'l espouse,  
 Her hee'l adorn : for her provide,  
 his second glorious house.

In's raigh the des'late Isles shall joy,  
 and poor in every Nation;  
 Those that destroy'd the Earth, hee'l 'stroy,  
 with final desolation.

The Virgins forth with him shall go,  
 with Oyl their Lamps shall trim,  
 Angels above, with Saints below,  
 in Songs extolling him.

Sing *Halelujahs* 'fore his face,  
 for now he comes to raigh;  
 Proclaim before him, cry grace, grace:  
 thrice *Halelujah* 'gain.

## 147 Hymn.

*For one thing Lord to thee I call,  
 And that (obtain'd) indeed is all.*

*as Psal. 27. 134.*

**L**ord I but one thing of thee crave,  
 and that's my whole desire;  
 Sight of thy beauty let me have,  
 and in thy house enquire.

For I from Mountain unto Hill,  
 have wand'red up and down,  
 If Christ (my Shepherd) hear me will,  
 his face, my wish, shall Crown.

The footsteps where his flock have gone,  
 I readily would trace,  
 For Lambs they shu'd not be alone,  
 but Lord i'd see thy face.

For

For thou in troublous time wilt me  
 (as in Pavilion) hide,  
 Thy presence, shall my conduct be,  
 thy Lamp shall be my guide.

And tho' I often walk i'th' dark,  
 thou Lord my light shalt be ;  
 The Land o'th' upright is my mark,  
 there God I hope to see  
 My Anchor faith, and patience, cast,  
 my sails of love I spread ;  
 O breath on them, a prosperous blast,  
 to th' hav'n of rest to lead.

Lord feed, and guide, protect thy flock,  
 thy King on's throne, advance ;  
 When storms approach, be thou a Rock  
 for thine Inheritance. *Amen.*

## 148 Hymn.

*Christs tender Kids and Lambs are fed,  
 And by clear springs of waters led.*

*Isa 40. 11, 12.*

**L**ord here I am, thy tender Lamb,  
 depending on thy care,  
 Grant some relief to ease my grief ;  
 see what my aylments are.  
 I cry and say, Oh who will lay  
 my mouth close to the breast,  
 Where Milk sincere, my soul may chear,  
 to yeild both strength and rest.

If

If I repair to folds that are,  
 my Shepherds flocks reputed,  
 (If Christ be gone) right food i've none  
 that to my hunger's suited.  
 Thy flesh and blood 's my only food  
 for I by this may grow ;  
 (Of weak and young) both tall and strong,  
 and may my Father know.

Lord I a lamb too tender am,  
 with Satan 'lone to fight,  
 Yet by that name of Gods own lamb,  
 that Lion's put to flight.  
 And shall the power of dogs devour,  
 his tender Kids so young :  
 No ! Christ has said, his flocks hee'l lead,  
 his water-springs along.

Lord feed thy Lambs, intangle Rams  
 whose horns so push, and slay ;  
 Ascend thy throne, defend thy own,  
 Oh judge and reign for aye.

149 Hymn.

*Gods time is short and fixed, when  
 Our tempter shall be bound and then  
 Shall cease the rage of wicked men.*

*as Psal. 7. 6, 9, 15, 16, 17.*

**A** blessed day doth hasten on,  
 of joy and consolation ;  
 When violence and fury's gone  
 and Satans fierce temptation.



Six thousand years this Serpent hath  
besieg'd beleivers fort :

And now far greater is his wrath  
knowing that's time is short.

No age nor sex of Saints are free  
from's darts (of every sort,)

But Christ has won's the victory,  
and made his time, but short.

*Zion* has travel'd long in pain :  
shall now that birth abort ?

Christ o'er Nations all shall reign,  
for Satans time is short.

The conquest of the Lamb's begun,  
which comfort does import ;  
The Captain's gone, his Armies run,  
and now their time is short.

Sing on the heights of *Zion*, all  
ye followers of the Lamb,  
All, that against you arm, shall fall ;  
praise ye his holy name.

*Apoc. 14. 1, 2. Hallelujah.*

150 Hymn.

*Saints best Apolo'gy herein lyes,  
'Gainst Satans darts, and calumnies :  
The Lamb's bloud, and their innocencies.  
(Ezra 4 6, 12, 15, Apoc. 12. 10.)*

O Lord our righteous judge that art ;  
 null Satans accusation :  
 Plead thou our right, and heal the smart  
 of's poysonful temptation.  
 See how he stands at our right hands,  
 if we do 'proach thy throne ;  
 But thou'rt defence, for innocence  
 against this wicked one.

If we Gods Children are, hee'l doubt,  
 and maks us question't too ;  
 Lord prove thy love, his dart pull out,  
 that would our hopes undo.  
 But tho's intent, and wyles are bent,  
 the innocent to blame :  
 Let them conspire (bee't Sword, or Fire,)  
 God turns it to their shame.

E're long th' accuser shall be bound,  
 (Christ has prepar'd his chain : )  
 Whose sword, his enemies head will wound,  
 that Christ alone may raign.  
 Uprightness then, with Sons of men,  
 in much repnte is had ;  
 And every tongue, Gods Sons did wrong  
 with shame and horreur's clad.

The Lord prepares for plotters snares,  
 that on their heads shall rain ;  
 And for th' upright, a shining light,  
 when Jesus comes again.

## 151 Hymn.

*On occasion of that Fire in Breadstreet.  
Here lets condole others distress,  
And for escapes, our thanks express.  
Isai. 24. 15. Psal. 79, 1, 2, 5, 7.*

**O** Lord how dreadful is thine ire,  
where is the cause, what sinns ?  
Did kindle first so dreadful fire ?  
for thence our woes begin.  
Thine anger may alone suffice,  
of which who knows the power ?  
Oh leave us nott' our enemies  
they'l body' and soul devour.

Whether our flames come from thy hand,  
or by malicious spite :  
Lord search and make us understand ;  
revenge, and do us right.  
By melting Lord, us purifie,  
that we may better grow,  
And Lord sit by when thou dost try,  
that nought but dross may go.

In fires we do thee glorifie ;  
may Christ there with us rest ;  
A Phoenix thence shall rise, and fly,  
and lles with it be blest.

The Lord that chose us, pluck't us out,  
 as brands from many a flame ;  
 Will still us wall (as fire) about,  
 blest be his glorious name.  
 But from these flames shall sparks arise,  
 proud *Babel* to devour ;  
 That Christ (when *Rome* in ashes lyes)  
 may reign, in glory 'nd power.

## 152 Hymn.

*O blest are all at peace with God ;  
 When wars do'larum us abroad.*

*Pf. 46. 9. Matth. 24. 6, 7, 20, 21, 32.*

O mighty Lord of Hosts,  
 the Lord of peace and war :  
 When thou in wrath, thy sword dost bath ;  
 in mercy us prepare.  
 Thy judgments threat'n our Land,  
 we see few signs of good ;  
 Our crying crimes make perilous times,  
 deserving showres of blood.

Yet some our sins lament  
 desiring terms of peace ;  
 And righteous laws, that God may cause  
 his anger tow'rds us cease.  
 Or when thy Sword is drawn  
 O Lord ! with it debate ;  
 And stay thy hand : but give command,  
 the whore to desolate.

Thy

Thy controverſie great  
 O Lord plead and decide ;  
 For Treachery and Cruelty,  
 of *Rome* to th' lamb, and bride.  
 In great diſdain, and ſcorn  
 ten horns againſt her turn :  
 Then for that whore, (naked, and poor)  
 her paramours ſhall mourn.

All wars then end in peace  
 the earth from curſe is free ;  
 And in their King the Saints ſhall ſing,  
 days of Eternity. *Amen.*

153 *Hymn.*

*The Comfort of true Worſhip.*  
*Pſal. 68. 1, 2.*

**L** Et God ariſe his enemies  
 ſcatter and waſt away,  
 Such is their fate that *Sion* hate  
 like ſmoke they muſt decay.  
 At thy rebuke and preſence great  
 the wicked paſs with noiſe,  
 The righteous ſtill before thy ſeat  
 in heart and lip rejoyce.

For tho' the Nations ruſh and rage,  
 and ſwell as waters great,  
 Their force will *Jacobs* God aſſwage,  
 for *Sion* is his ſeat.

This

This burdensome and chosen stone  
 so weighty God does make,  
 That great and small on it that fall,  
 perish for *Sions* sake.

No weapon shall prosper at all,  
 no Council, Tongue, or might,  
 'Gainst Christ's elect, can take effect,  
 when in his Temple bright.  
 Christ will appear why shou'd we fear,  
 his angels are our host :  
 Tears, blood and prayer, our weapons are ;  
 our hopes cannot be lost.

## 154 Hymn.

*This (and one more) given Mrs. J. H. on the  
 death of their Son T. H.*

*When God for child, or friend does call,  
 His will must still our murmurings all.*

Levit. 10. 6. Psal. 39. 9, - 11.

**O** thou Immortal one !  
 issues to thee belong  
 From cruel death, and deeps beneath,  
 God of Salvation !  
 Who can thy wrath abide ?  
 when thou for sin dost chide,  
 Beautys decay, youth fades away,  
 if thou thy face wilt hide.

Children are vanity,  
 whether they live or dye,  
 Alive they are a certain care,  
 dead comforts, by and by.  
 The more they steal our love,  
 our Lord gets less above,  
 This does provoke Gods by a stroke  
 our Idols to remove.

Thy sov'raign hand, therefore,  
 and will let's all adore,  
 (Like *A'ron*) now in silence, vow  
 to over-love no more.  
 Now hopes for time i've none,  
 near friends before are gone,  
 Faiths victory to sing, and see,  
 i'le long before thy throne.

## 155 Hymn.

*Wishes in a Letter to Mrs. S. W. at Theobalds :*  
*(being many years bedrid.)*

*That being not hungry nor hardly bestead,  
 To fresh springs of solace your soul may be led :  
 And being not once discourag'd i'th way  
 As Isr'el of old, in their wilderness day,  
 Your soul may from strength, to full strength at-  
 And so Sion mount at last you may gain. (tain,*

**I** truly wish that you may fish,  
 in sanctuary streams,  
 But yet your eye may still espie,  
 in them celestial beams.

That

That by those beams and chrystal streams,  
 that from above descend,  
 Your soul may lighten, and faith may highten,  
 and persevere to th' end.

And tho' I know your bodi's slow,  
 and nature sore declin'd,  
 Yet when your Lord speaks but the word,  
 you'l not be left behind.  
 For you shall straight on *Sion* height,  
 mount up and so shall sing;  
 Your songs of love to him above,  
 your everlasting King.

Oh then rejoyce, hark, 'tis the voice  
 of him thats at the door,  
 Who calls, my love, my darling dove,  
 come now thou'lt weep no more.  
 Adieu old World, confus'dly hurl'd,  
 devoted to the fire,  
 Gods word's most true; all shall be new,  
 and let my soul expire.

My ripest plants Gods sweetest Saints,  
 are slipt away before,  
 And I forlorn with griefs am torn,  
 O let me stay no more.



## 156 Hymn.

*Thus (sick) the soul to God did mourn,  
And (heal'd) its praise did so return.*

*(according to Isai. 38. 10, -20.)*

**L**ord though thy stroke me sick did make  
yet did thy hand me raise;  
This cup of saving health i'le take  
and render songs of praise.  
I said if now my days expire  
what comfort shall I have!  
When expectation with desire,  
lye buried in the grave;

My days have full of darknes been,  
my sickness sorrow 'nd wrath;  
For peace; my sin, hath bitter been,  
yet God reviv'd me hath.  
The sentence I of death received,  
(subscribing t'was most just,)  
The execution grace repriev'd,  
that I in God might trust.

My moan, was like a Crane, or Dove  
for I was sore oppress'd,  
God undertook, my sint' remove,  
that gave my soul true rest.  
The Lord was ready me to save,  
renew'd my youth, and days,  
Gave issues joyful from the grave,  
wee'l therefore sing his praise, *Amen Hallelujah.*

*This*

## 157 Hymn.

*This second Hymn of praise they have,  
That God has rescu'd from the grave.*

*Psal. 6. 3. — 6. — 41, 1, 2, 3. 39. 4, 5, 10, 11, 13?*

**L**ord when thy hand on me,  
did lay this sharp correction,  
This was my pray'r my vow, and care  
to yeild thee all subjection.  
My life, and usefulness  
and times, are in thy hand,  
I'le yeild them all up at thy call,  
when thou shalt me command.

Thou didst me spare a while  
my life, and strength restore,  
Thou didst me save from pow're o'th' grave  
and now i'le thee adore.  
What shall I render Lord  
or what return to thee?  
My life, and health, my goods and wealth,  
shall now devoted be.

My Lord Physitian was  
did visit at my call;  
My heart from fears, my eye from tears,  
he sav'd, and feet from fall.

Oh Lord who's like to thee?  
 now all my bones, shall say;  
 My vows in sight, of the upright,  
 to God, I freely pay.  
 (See Ps. 116. 3, 4, 12; 15, 16, 18.)

## 158 Hymn.

*Tho' Satan leads into temptation,  
 Rebuke him Lord, be our Salvation.*

*See Zacr. 3. 1, 2, 3. Matth. 6. 13.*

**L**ord from th' old Serpent save  
 his subtilty, and pow're,  
 For by his wyles, souls he beguiles,  
 seeking them to devour.  
 No fence but thine there is  
 against an unseen foe:

To thee we cry, O King most high,  
 that do'st his crafts fore-know.

Sometimes he tempts to pride  
 to lust, or Heresie,  
 And oft will stand at our right hand,  
 when unto God we fly.  
 But Lord us from him sheild,  
 rebuke him by thy word,

Thy faith shall be our victory  
 thy spirit our Shield and Sword.

Tho' he the first man slew,  
 and may a *David* foyle;  
 This victory is Christs, for he  
 his crafts and works does spoil.

He

He once from Heav'n was cast,  
and down to earth was flung;  
O bind in's chain, that we again  
may sing, that earst were stung.

For when our God of peace,  
has trod this Dragon down,  
His rage shall cease, Saints live in peace,  
and Jesus wear the Crown.

Rom. 16. 20.

159 Hymn.

*Gods works are from the first Creation,  
Saints joy, their song; their meditation.*

*Pf. 92. 4, 5. 103. 22. 104. 31.*

**T**Hy works O Lord are great,  
in wisdom they exceed:  
Decree, Creation, and Preservation;  
to be admired indeed.  
How pow'rful was thy word?  
that all these did create,  
And when our Lord descends, that word  
must all annihilate.

But heav'ns, when I consider,  
which thou alone canst span,  
Light'nings and thunder; how do I wonder,  
and cry, Lord what is man?

Yea Lord whats fall'n man ?  
 of him why mindful art't ?  
 That Moon and Stars, serve monitors,  
 of what's sinners desert ?

What signs or fearful sights  
 the Lord in heav'n does fix,  
 All work for good ; in famine, food :  
 in wrath, hee'l mercy mix.  
 As God on *Isra'ls* doors,  
 his mark of safety, gave,  
 And raign'd on them a *Beth-lehem*,  
 us (in like case) hee'l save,

When vengeance-work is past,  
 and Gods dread fury's o're :  
 Then sing your Psalms, and bear you palms ;  
*Zion* shall weep, no more.

## 160 Hymn.

*Good tidings of our Lords Salvation  
 Brings joy and peace, to ev'ry nation.  
 (as Ps. 53. 6. 67. 2, 3. -6, 7.)*

**W**hen God Salvation had decree'd  
 for's captives to effect ;  
 In Char'ots he rode out (for speed)  
 redeeming's own elect.  
 His wheels a path for him did pave  
 Red Sea and *Jordan* too  
 Free passage gave ; but turn'd a grave  
 for those did them pursue.

Before him melted mountains great,  
 the Elements made a noise,  
 Rocks honey sweet, and oyl did sweat ;  
 here, lets in him rejoyce.  
 When God will work, who shall withstand ?  
 or save ? what shall demur ?  
 For his command (or mighty hand )  
 makes all lets to concur.

*Jehovah* is a man of war,  
 his hosts all creatures be  
 His angels are (yea ev'ry star)  
 ingag'd for's victory.  
 With vestures red the grapes hee'l tread ;  
 so with a shout ascends ;  
 Mans wrath is done, when God's begun :  
 this scene, Gods vyals ends.

## 161 Hymn.

*After the night so dark, so long  
 That morning star will bring a song.*

*Pf. 97. 11. Cant. 2. 11, 12. Mica. 7. 9, 10.*

**H**ow long Lord will our darkness last ?  
 (our grief prolonging night,)   
 When will our winter nights be past ?  
 when shines our morning bright ?  
 Long since, our day fled fast away,  
 our souls (like blind men) grope  
 Seeking for light, but lo the night  
 soon overclouds our hope.

Oh where is he 't promis'd to bring  
 the poor and blind by th' way,  
 Make darknes light, the dumb to sing,  
 turn shade of death, to' day,  
 VVe still complain, clouds after rain  
 oft make our hopes forelorn :  
 Yet is not far our morning star,  
 our day-light shall return.

Then *Zion* that in darkness sits  
 (her tears upon her cheeks)  
 Shall shine, when God her sin remits,  
 and day spring on her breaks.  
 Rejoyce not then ye wicked men,  
 for God resists the proud :  
 To Gods upright is sown a light  
 morning without a cloud.

If Skyes do loure, our King has pow're  
 o're waves to tread his way :  
 Hee'l soon appear, cast anchor here,  
 look up and hope for day.  
 (see Luk. 1. 78. Acts 27. 27.)

162 *Hymn.*

*When in dark wildernes we walk,  
 God then to us doth kindly talk.  
 (Isa. 35. 1, 2, 6. 51. 3. Hose. 2. 14.)*

**L**ord i'm i'th' wilderness,  
 afraid to lose my way,  
 Let thy command, me to that land  
 of uprightness convey.

My

My desert's that of sin,  
 t here wand'ring, I am faint ;  
 May I with' bread of God be fed,  
 and with the rock acquaint.

When for my murmuring ;  
 hot Serpents oft me sting,  
 If faith can spy my Lord on high,  
 healing is in his wing.  
 When thirst does scorch my soul,  
 my spring below, all gone.  
 Christ with a dew, strength does renew  
 then singing, I pass on.

I'th' vale of *Bacha* deep ;  
 each step on't drops a tear,  
 While hope's delay'd ; my heart is staid,  
 in *Zion* to appear.  
 And tho' my way be rough,  
 and doubts o're cloud my eyes,  
 My wilderness like *Eden* is ;  
 and smells like Paradise.

My soul on *Pisgah* mount,  
 look o're ; these first fruits tast,  
 Go not aside, and Jesus guide  
 me to that Land at last.

(Ps. 107. 2, 3, 4, 7.)



*The reign of Christ, all wars shall cease,  
From Babels yoke, Zion release,  
So brings us universal peace.*

*Isa. 2. 4. 11. 6, 9. 13. Micah 4. 3.*

1. **W**hen Christ in righteousness shall reign,  
according to Gods words :  
Then truth, and peace, on earth, obtain,  
and break all Tyrants Swords.
2. The Nations then learn no more wars,  
but under quiet vines sit,  
Beating their Swords into Plow shares,  
Tyrants their fierceness quit.
3. With envy, cruelty, and wrath,  
none shall the rest annoy :  
And none in blood, his Sword shall bathe  
none hurt, wast, or destroy.
4. For Law and Justice shall obtain,  
and peace with truth, shall greet ;  
Conscience detest, unlawful gain,  
Kings bowing at Christs feet.
5. Then *Ephra'ms* envy shall depart.  
*Judah* no more shall vex,  
Divisions (causing thoughts of heart)  
shall Saints no more perplex.
6. The Lion, Wolf, and Cockatrice,  
becoming meek and tame,  
Yea Leopards (as in paradise,)  
be like and dwell with' Lamb.

7. The

7. The Mountains forth great peace shall bring  
the earth its fruits in store,

Thus crown'd the little Hills shall sing,  
pale Famine kill no more.

8. The heav'ns no more shall be as brass,  
but into drops distill :

This Iron-age away shall pass,  
and God our prayers fulfil.

9. The whole creation eas'd of pain,  
shall triumph every day,

'Cause Christ our King of peace, shall reign,  
and let him reign for aye. *Amen.*

164 Hymn.

*Thy blessings Lord in plenteous rain,*

*Both man, and beast, richly maintain.*

*Isai. 30. 23, 25. 55. 10. Ezek. 34. 26. Zacr. 10.*

*1, 2. Psal. 68. 9.*

**W**E give thee thanks O Lord,  
the Father of small rain,

That bow'd thine ear, our pra'ers to hear,  
and gav'st us showres again.

Thy bottles thou didst ope,  
and mad'st them powre, a main

The earth so dry, to satisfie,  
with a sweet plenteous rain.

Drought

Drought makes this mercy great,  
 that multiplies all grain ;  
 Thus man, and beast, both feed and feast,  
 refresh't with fruitful rain.  
 Drought makes the dew more sweet  
 so's health succeeding pain,  
 Great was our fear, Famine was near ;  
 yet God prevents with rain.

Thus God i'th' wilderness  
 with thirst did *Isra'l* train ;  
 Causing the Rock, water his flock ;  
 and clouds bread on 'em rain.  
 The heathen Idols are  
 then vanity, more vain,  
 'Tis thou O Lord that dost afford,  
 in season, mod'rate rain.

But blest't Lord is that Land  
 o're which the Lord will reign,  
 Like rain shall he, on mown grass be,  
 or shining after Rain.  
 Lord rain thy word on us,  
 yea Rain down righteousness ;  
 And so will we give thanks to thee,  
 and aye thy bounty bless.

*On Rain after the late drought.*

*Thus*

## 165 Hymn.

*Thus blest are all (both great and small.)*

*Such as the Lord our God doth call.*

*Psal. 56. 4. Acts 2. 38. Rom. 8. 29. 30.*

**L**ord when thou first to me inclin'd,  
and call'd me by thy grace;  
Thou didst me find, lost, poor, and blind  
yet didst my soul embrace.  
My sin and misery, both was  
thy motives me to save,  
In pity thou didst by me pass,  
and a free pardon gave.

He from a state did me translate  
of darkness, and of thrall,  
Into his light, marvelous bright,  
and liberty withal.

His love could no denial take,  
no nay; where God will call,  
He will perswade, has pow'r to make  
his calls effectual.

Kindred, Estates, Possessions all.  
and honours (tho' in hand)

Have (at Gods call) been left, let fall,  
t' enjoy that promis'd land.

Divine election, argues affection.

his calling, peace implies,

All justifi'd, are sanctifi'd,  
and these he glorifies.

Then

Then ever blest be God, for this  
 adoption, by his grace,  
 If call'd then we his sav'd ones be,  
 and so shall see his face.

## 166 Hymn.

*The souls treble, sung on the base,  
 And low submissive frame, and case ;*

1 Sam. 3. 18. 2 Sam. 15. 25. Lam. 3. 27. — 29.

1. **T**He Lord Almighty fram'd us all,  
 That by his Gospel, did us call ;  
 That to his will we might submit,  
 The better sort (ev'n Angels) bow  
 Yea div'ls (against their wills) below  
 For to fulfil it, is most fit.

2. Gods will is always just and good,  
 Oh if it, so, were understood,  
 'Twould all reluctance quell and still :  
 Our sovereign we thee call O God,  
 Lets's ne're rebel against thy rod,  
 Because it grows from holy will.

3. Is it our lot tidings to hear,  
 Or things heavy, and hard to bear,  
 'Tis best to hear in silence still,  
 For how can we attend Gods voice,  
 Our hearts hurry'd with jarring noise ?  
 Against Gods wise disposing will ?

4. Have

4. Have I nothing, and others all,  
Are others great, we mean, and small;  
Say not that things are ord' red ill;  
For as the worst, oft, crowns possess;  
So God the best in rags may dress,  
Yet these (at last) with glory fill.

~~167 Hymn.~~  
~~(Division sung at the base)~~

5. **D**O all my comforts, turn to crosses,  
So that for gain, I meet with losses  
And emptyings, while others fill :  
Some fruits are bitter sweets, and mock ;  
Let me climb up, this craggy rock :  
And (Christ-like) mortifie my will.

6. Some things we hardly do obey,  
Or else we do't in much delay ;  
Unless the Lord sugar his pill :  
Herein obedience best is known,  
In subjugating all our own  
So to prefer Gods holy will.

7. If God please others to admit,  
On's table, or his lap to sit  
I'm at his feet contented still ;  
For they that are submissive, now  
(Tho' with a tear) to sit below  
At last kiss, and embrace their fill.

8. Is God displeas'd; yet I am mute,  
 Tho' causeless, me men persecute:  
 And dayly (for Gods sake) me kill:  
 All quarrels with my God I must  
 Lay (with my mouth) low in the dust;  
 For perfect good, Lord, is thy will.

9. If God (at last) one cranny 'f hope,  
 Or door of mercy 'l to me o'pe;  
 Sit singing thus at 's door I will;  
 Hope shall to me assurance be,  
 That Faith shall get the victory,  
 For God his promise will fulfil.

10. Do wicked men our heads ride o're,  
 In pomp, while Saints are low, and poor;  
 And *Samson*-like, grind in a Mill:  
 Yet God will quickly bring 'em down  
 And meek ones will with glory crown;  
 And mount his Son on *Zion*-hill.

11. Does *Babel*'s whore mount up on high  
 Deck't in her double scarlet-dye;  
 Her gold'n cup with poysons fill,  
 Now's a blest time, Gods hand to turn  
 And cause her, (with the beast) to mourn,  
 So in her woe's fulfil'd Gods will.

12. If

12. If exil'd from his Ark we bee  
 Yet we again his face shall see,  
 And then sing songs aloud, and shrill;  
 But if he (in's) has no delight,  
 Let 'm do what's good in's own sight,  
 High grace yeilds to Gods lowest will.

13. Like Lillies in the Vales that grow,  
 Or Violets sweet, that make no show,  
 So grace in self-content has skill;  
 'Tis fed with secret dew above,  
 Absconds, yet to impart 't does love;  
 Melting its own into Gods will.

14. In God i'le place all my delight,  
 For that is ever good in's sight:  
 And brings my hearts desire and will;  
 In him an object full I mind  
 Tho 'n me he nothing pleasant find,  
 O let him rule; and have me still.

168 Hymn.

*On Zion sparks of wrath first come,  
 Which end in flames, on papal Rome.*

*Jerem. 25. 29. 1 Pet. 4. 17, 18.*

**W**hen God begins, wrath to inflict  
 On Zions Children dear,  
 To sinners woes it must predict,  
 Oh where shall such appear?



Gods cup of trembling Saints may think  
far bitterer than gall ;

Yet they but tast ; sinners must drink  
the very dregs on't all.

Tho' Famine, Pestilence or Sword,  
may on the just lot come .

Hee'l feed and live (here) on a word,  
till God shall call him home.

Lord what a burning bush is this ?  
how live we in these flames ?

No furnace call't ; for where Christ is,  
that Heav'n it's self proclaims.

And when these wars their course have run  
they'l terminate in peace,

And when the Lamb's war (long begun)  
shall end, our travels cease.

Those flames that in Gods bush have burn'd,  
for now some thousand-years,

On *Babels* throne, and seat, once turn'd,  
in them the Lamb appears.

Who's Lord of Lords, and King of Kings ;  
his chos'n followers then,

shall in the shadow of his wings,  
for triumph sing. *Amen.*

*Ten horns once conquered, and tame ;  
 ( Against the whore ; ) subserve the Lamb.  
 Psal. 75. 4, 10. Zacr. 1. ult. Apoc. 6. 16.*

**V**Hen God doth rise his cause to plead,  
 that with the whore depends,  
 The beast and horns hee'l captive lead,  
 and so the last wrath ends.  
 Long has this controversie stood  
 and Seas of bloud 't has spil'd,  
 Oh ! that the Lord decide it wou'd  
 in *Armageddon* field.

For meekness, truth, and righteousness,  
 and for his *Zions* sake,  
 That he the earth with peace may bless,  
 hee'l thorough vengeance take.  
 For he that judgeth her, is strong  
 and mighty is to save,  
 And his delay, and suffering long  
 will swifter vengeance have.

On *Zion* Hill, then with the Lamb,  
 his followers shall be shown,  
 Who shall proclaim their fathers name ;  
 he also them will own.  
 Saying these my redeemed ones,  
 no Women could defile ;  
 Follow the Lamb up to their thrones,  
 in whose mouth is no guile.

Then Kings, Captains, and men of Might,  
 with bound, free, rich, and poor ;  
 To rocky holes agen take flight,  
 and face the Lamb no more.

170 Hymn.

*On the late Dissolution, 81.*

*Tho' all things have their Dissolution,  
 Our Lords return, makes restitution.*

*Pf. 11. 3. and 75. 3. Act. 3. 19, -21.*

**L**ord what a world is this ?  
 how is the whole-head sick,  
 When head and heart dissolve, and part,  
 where's body politiek ?  
 Foundations long have shook,  
 and all are out of frame :  
 The stone hath smote God will promote  
 the Kingdom of the Lamb.

As once one little stone,  
 brought down that railing † wight † *Goliath*  
 That in his pride Gods host defy'd,  
 and put all's host to flight :  
 So shall the little stone  
 by Gods decree once more ;  
 Proud *Babel* strike, and dash it like  
 chaff of the threshing floor.

These

These bodies must dissolve  
and be renew'd again,  
That they may be fitted to see  
Christs beauty in his reign.  
Lord hast thy Son to reign  
then all things hee'l restore,  
Wound but one head, and (by its dread)  
ten horns shall thee adore.

Pf. 68. 21. & 110. 5, 6. Apoc. 17. 15.

171 Hymn.

*Rejoyce we in the Lord of Hosts,  
That never yet a Battle lost:  
In's excellence believers boast.*

Pf. 46. 7, 11. 48. 8. Isai. 13. 4. Luk. 2. 13.

**T**HOU Lord of hosts art General,  
of absolute command;

In heav'n, earth, sea, the souldiers all,  
before thee armed stand.

If thou commandst one Angel, go  
and put that host to flight;

Or kill some bloody *Herod*, so  
'tis done all in a night.

If thou alone dost but accost  
an army in the field,

One look from thee, O Lord of hosts,  
or frown, shall make them yeld.

If thou to Emrods or small Mice,  
 dost but allow commission,  
 Nay less, worms, flies, and smallest lice,  
 repress vile mens ambition.

Those Records of thy wars O Lord,  
 are stor'd, with the upright :  
 How God to women did afford  
 to vanquish men of might.  
 But when the Lamb of God does stand,  
 in *Armageddon* : last,  
 Satan, and *Rome*, at his command,  
 to flames below, are cast.  
 Dan. 7. 11. Apoc. 16. 16. 18. 8. 20, 10.

## 172 Hymn.

*Happy are they, whose eyes shall see,  
 The good of them Gods chosen be,  
 They may rejoyce eternally.*

*Isa. 12. 3. Rom. 8. 33. 2 Thes. 2. 13.*

**A** Scribe to God, Salvation,  
 (the fountain of All grace ; )  
 That to our consolation,  
 'mongst his elect, did place.  
 To him that in the lamb our head,  
 did call to holiness ;  
 But to what happiness, hee'l lead,  
 what Angel can expresse ?

To him that loves immutably,  
 whose gifts and calls are sure ;  
 (Like to himself,) eternally ;  
 without repentance, 'dure.  
 To him whose chain all's own in folds,  
 none can a link undo,  
 And in's own hands, he both ends holds  
 election, glory too.

To him that all his own foreknew,  
 and care on them has took,  
 And them in time to life, he drew ;  
 and seal'd up in's own book,  
 Lord had thy purpose pass't us by,  
 had'ft, never call'd nor chose ;  
 But left us (fall'n) i'th' pit to dye,  
 who could thy will oppose ?

But since thou lou'd us out o'th' pit.  
 and that good work's begun ;  
 That we may cry, grace, grace! to it,  
 go on, Lord, till 'tis done.

## 173. Hymn.

*A Vision of Gods faithful Lambs,  
 By prayer a quenching cruel flames.*

*Exod. 3. 3. Ps. 74. 7, 8. & 83. 12.*

**N**ear Zions Hill I walk't,  
 and in her fields did spy,  
 A flock of Lambs beset with flames,  
 Lord what are these said I?

A still

A still voice to me said  
 this Antichristian flame  
 That Dragon blew (and's bloody crew)  
 but who shall quench the fame ?

A pool like Heshbon's, then  
 nigh to this flame, I spy'd  
 Which sighs and tears of sufferers ;  
 the engine, (prayer) supply'd :  
 A river also ran  
 in deep and bloody streams,  
 Whose cryes (no doubt) them fires will out,  
 and bring again sweet beams.

The Lambs of God all joyn'd,  
 and under th' Altar cry'd ;  
 How long shall groans of holy ones  
 for vengeance, be delay'd :  
 Then stood amidst the Throne,  
 a Lamb as't had been slain,  
 Your blood (said he) aveng'd shall be,  
 on all that scarlet train :

And this take for a sign,  
 of swift revenge to come ;  
 When they shall cry peace and safety,  
 then is their final doom.

## 174 Hymn.

*Unfaithfulness lamented here,  
And prayer for strength to persevere.*

*Pf. 5. 9. 12. 1, 2, 5. & 120. 2, 3.*

**H**elp Lord! for men that godly be  
and faithful ones do quail;  
Among the Sons of men, we see  
that faithfulness does fail.  
'Gainst falshood, and a lying tongue  
be thou our sure defence,  
For fraud and violence do wrong  
to th' poor mans innocence.

For sighing of the poor oppress  
now 'le God rise to redeem,  
And him in safety set at rest  
from them that puff at him.  
From lying lips that do deceive  
deliver thou our souls:  
Sharp arrows let their Conscience grieve,  
and hot Juniper-coals.

How long shall judgment into gall,  
hemlock, and wormwood turn?  
Lord it to righteousness recall,  
to chear up them that mourn.  
With judgement Lord, *Zion* redeem,  
her converts free proclaim;  
Then shall our land, faithful esteem,  
and City prize the same.

Come



Come Lord thy throne on earth possess,  
 the beast and whore subdue,  
 That thou mayst sway in faithfulness,  
 that are most just, and true.

## 175 Hymn.

*The glory, and the dignity,  
 Of them (Martyrs for Christ) that dye.*

*Act. 7. 54. Rev. 2. 13. 14. 13. and 20. 4.*

**R**Ejoyce before the throne,  
 ye sufferers that are,  
 For upon it God's Lamb does sit,  
 his diadems to share.  
 Your faithfulness to death,  
 with him accepted is,  
 Behold him stand, at Gods right hand  
 to welcome you to bliss.

My cross with me y'ave bore,  
 reproach, want, and disdain;  
 And now as ye suffer'd with me,  
 so with me shall ye raign.  
 Have ye beheaded been,  
 or burnt, or rent in quarters,  
 Yet hee'l set on your heads, anon  
 a crown of life, like Martyrs.

If tempted sore to sin,  
 ye chose to perish rather,  
 That glory ye receive of me,  
 thats giv'n me off my Father;

In

In witnessing his truth  
 ye that were so blasphem'd,  
 Of you when on his glorious throne,  
 hee'l never be asham'd.

Oh then ye blessed ones,  
 with songs, your pains beguile,  
 Your day draws near, when hee'l appear :  
 yet but a little while.

## 176 Hymn.

*After the Lamb, the Lord doth call,  
 His chos'n generation all :  
 On which the beast. and whore must fall.  
 Psal. 65. 4. Isa. 41. 9, 11. 1 Pet. 2. 9.*

## (1st. Part.)

**B**less't is that man O Lord (most high)  
 whom thou dost choose to thee,  
 And causest to approach thee nigh,  
 his dwelling place to be.  
 This style God gave his only one,  
 in him he did us choose :  
 And every one he has foreknown,  
 hee'l never more refuse.

Gods chosen ones shall all beleive ;  
 that faith all fires endure,  
 No grain is lost, in Satans sieve,  
 for Gods foundation's sure.

I'th' furnace of afflictions sore,  
 tho' God may Saints refine;  
 He pleads his int'rest, evermore  
 and still says thou art mine.

does *Zion* think her self forsook;  
 while foes do taunt and scoff,  
 The Lord that chose her them rebuke;  
 and her hee'l not cast off.  
 When God will save, who shall destroy?  
 accuse or them withstand?  
 These his elect shall long enjoy,  
 the work of their own hand.

For God has said his hand hath laid,  
 help on his chosen one,  
 Ye sinners stoop and be afraid,  
 this Lamb shall have the throne.

177 Hymn.

*That God elects, of's own good pleasure,  
 Is Saints most rich and joyfultreasure.*

*Deut. 7. 7, 8. Mark 13. 20. Rom. 8. 33. (2d. part)*

*Luk. 18. 7, 8.*

**T**Was thy good pleasure, Lord,  
 meer grace, to it, did move;  
 Most to refuse, yet some to choose,  
 to call, and save, and love.  
 Of old thou didst decree,  
 what number sav'd should be,  
 And to th' elect, some word direct  
 to bring them home to thee. With-

Without thee, was no cause;  
 in us, nothing could merit;  
 Sin thou foresaw, yet us would draw,  
 that we might life inherit.

And that none might be lost  
 (with Antichristian brood,)  
 All he foreknew he marks them new,  
 by sprinklings of his blood.  
 Rejoyce ye chosen ones  
 with elect Angels all,  
 By calling, your election's sure;  
 y' are fav'd from *Adams* fall.

Be glad in Christ your head,  
 the Lamb did you redeem,  
 Your foes for you will he subdue,  
 that chose *Jerusalem*.  
 And shall not God avenge  
 his dear Elect, that cry  
 Both day and night? - yea (in their fight)  
 hee'l do't : and speedily.

Oh blisful sight, to see,  
 and hear th' Elect all sing,  
 First comes the Jew, then Gentiles too,  
 triumphing in their King.

*This*

## 178 Hymn.

*This soliloquy, when alone,  
 (And longs for Christ) the soul does groan.  
 Gen. 32. 25. Ps. 102. 6, 7. John. 16. 32.*

**L**ord! i'm now left alone,  
 away my comforts gone;  
 And to retire with thee desire,  
 and to my God make moan.  
 In desert walks my soul,  
 like Pelican, or owl,  
 Or Sparrow on house top alone  
 like Dragons, do I howl.

Or like the Turtle-Dove,  
 that mourning notes does love,  
 Finding no nest, nor mate, nor rest,  
 but in my Lord above.  
 I unto thee do flie,  
 to have thy company,  
 So flames the fire of hot desire,  
 in swift ascents to thee:

O when wil't thou descend,  
 or this my conflict end?  
 Or call on me, to come to thee;  
 my prison rags off rend.  
 My friends before are gone,  
 and brethren left i've none,  
 If I must stay, Oh come away,  
 here leave me not alone.

And

And when my work is done;  
 my time, and glafs is run,  
 Then O translate me to a ſtate,  
 to ſhine above the Sun.  
 Mean while abide with me,  
 thy face oft let me ſee;  
 And let thy Son aſcend his throne,  
 in glor'ous Majeſty.

## 178 Hymn.

*In a friends Garden, while I walk't  
 An heav'nly muſe, thus to me talk't.*

**A**S I into a Garden went;  
 (my friends and not my own)  
 To view the plants, my mind was bent,  
 there to conſeſe alone:  
 This queſtion ſprung up in my mind,  
 whether in humane art,  
 Or Natures beauties, I could find  
 a Plant would eaſe my heart?

I lookt a round on ev'ry Plant,  
 each herb and fragrant Flower,  
 But ſtill my Soul did pleaſure want,  
 and all thoſe fruits prov'd ſowre.  
 I to the roſe buſh did repair  
 and thence a bud did pick  
 And thought it both fragrant and fair  
 yet there I found a prick.

P

Then

Then pleasant particolour'd flowers  
 I gather'd, but when they  
 Had been in hand very few hours,  
 their beauties did decay.  
 These pleasures are to others left,  
 a stranger reapes the fruit  
 But the possessor's quite bereft :  
 with care to keep the root.

But when the winter storms do blow  
 these pleasant Plants are gone ;  
 So death does worldly beauties mow  
 till th' Resurrection.  
 Is Paradise so lost ? alas !  
 are things below all vain ?  
 To *Eden* I will swiftly pass  
 Gods Garden to regain.

But this way, as I thought to gain,  
 I had no sooner tri'd,  
 My resolution how t' attain :  
 than in my way I 'spy'd  
 A multitude of armed foes,  
 and Devils, against me bent  
 My way with crosses to oppose,  
 yet through that croud I went.

Some turning back afright, I met  
 (as cowards retrograde,)   
 That smote my heart full of regret :  
 seeking me to disswade.

I quickly cast them off with scorn;  
 yet were my garments rent  
 To rags, by many a brier and thorn;  
 as up Gods mount I went.  
 Ascents, with breathings are obtain'd,  
 to mount, yet sing, is rare:  
 Yet when advantage ground is gain'd  
 it yeilds a prospect fair.

And though the way was rough and long,  
 the top my faith did spy;  
 I made it pleasant with a song;  
 (as Larks) by mounting high.  
 At last, I saw the Garden wall,  
 and to the door I past;  
 The door was low, the wall most tall  
 shutt and inclosed fast.

Abundant entrance to obtain  
 I did to th' porter cry,  
 Who said (with waiting) I might gain  
 an inlet by and by,  
 Mean while I heard a blessed Chöre  
 of Angels in consort;  
 Singing about the wall and door,  
 which did my hopes comfort.

These are the Chariots of my Lord;  
 and all Gods Garden guard,  
 That all Pilgrims convoy afford,  
 and heirs of Life still ward.



While I without, did wait, and stay,  
 impatience made a din,  
 I heard within, a still voice say,  
 come let this pilgrim in.  
 The door was op't immediately,  
 and in the Pilgrim came,  
 But with so ragg'd a habit, I  
 quickly began to shame.

The Master bad me welcome thither,  
 and such new robes, me gave ;  
 To style my self, I knew not whether  
 a King, or wandering slave.  
 He bad me freely entertain,  
 mine eyes, sense and desire  
 I'th' lower Garden ; till again,  
 he came to lead me higher.

So while I cast about mine eyes  
 1. I spy'd a plant below  
 Most fragrant as in paradise  
*Adam* could ever show :  
 This flower its azure head conceal'd  
 in'ts leaves under my feet ;  
 Declin'd to have its worth reveal'd  
 save by its odour sweet.

2. A second on its lofty spire,  
 much like that Heliotrope,  
 To face the Sun seem'd to desire  
 to turn, or shut, or o'pe. (Said

(Said I) this much resembles love  
 that grace does much delight,  
 With Christ its Sun, to turn, and move,  
 dilating at his sight:

A third plant on the wall did lean,  
 3. (as Vines that fruitful are)  
 Its bulk nothing : most weak, and mean  
 yet blessed clusters bare :  
 Thus faith (a part from Christ) we call  
 a meer notion, and found ;  
 Hee's only root, and strength ; (that wall)  
 from him our fruit is found.

Next that presented to my sight  
 and 'long the wail did creep,  
 A flowr most fair and Lilly-white  
 4. 'mong thorns, that made it weep.  
 Repentance like this flowr, does grow,  
 its own tears serve for dew :  
 Moist'ning its soyl, and roots below,  
 which does its fruits, renew.

Two winter Gillivers I next  
 upon the wall beheld :  
 That with the cold, were nipt and vext :  
 when pluckt, how sweet they finel'd ?  
 5. Like Twins, meekness and Patience thrive  
 (as Camomile, both grow,  
 (Tho trod on) yet they keep alive,  
 still green, and pleasant show. P 3 The

The meek ones, mute, and silent sit  
under the hand of God :

And unto hard things oft submit  
bearing his smarting rod.

6. Patience all humane injuries  
sustains ev'n unto blood,

Inflames it lives, in triumph dyes,  
still counting Gods will good.

7. One plant not of a pleasant smell,  
but bitter tast it was,

To natures health, it profits well,  
tho' nice ones by it pass:

Mortification makes contrite  
and sinful self it scorns;

Restrains all carnal appetite,  
with holiness adorns.

A Sister plant nigh that did grow  
8. that hearts-ease, some well name;

A plant *Solomon* scarce did know,  
it's worth, who can proclaim?

Contentment is that Jewel so rare,  
a crown may want it; yet

A poor man freed of worldly care,  
with godliness, may't get.

9. And as the Flowers from roots, must dye  
or serve for Ornament,

So's he that can himself deny,  
spend, or (for Christ) be spent.

10. A

10, A tree there grew that maketh wise  
discerning good and evil,  
Makes face to shine, 'light'ns the eyes  
its fruit, expels the devil.

11. A burning plant did next appear  
hot in the fourth degree,  
That warms the breasts of all sincere,  
and makes them zealous be.

12. Then last I *Sempiternum*, view'd  
whose greeness did surpass :  
And by the Sun 'twas still bedew'd,  
this perseverance, was.  
Now while I recreation had  
to bind them up to gather  
The Keepers voice me call'd, and bad  
me first, to come up thither.

I went immediately, and he  
int' a green arbour led,  
Propounding of a mystery :  
or riddle, and (thus he said:)

A pleasant plant in *Eden* grows,  
Not ev'ry one it's value knows.  
Its orient colours, shine out most  
And smells most fragrant in the frost,  
It beautifies deformed faces,  
And the compleatest beauties, graces:

Its root does grow, above its stalks :  
 And as it spreads in fruit, it walks,  
 'Tis low and oft trod down by beasts,  
 Yet in its branches fowls build nests.  
 Its name and root if you once find,  
 And eat t'will, sight restore if blind.  
 As life by eating once was lost ;  
 So 'tis restored without all cost.  
 The tree of death was once dear bought  
 Now that of lif's enjoyed for nought.  
 The more 'tis pluck't the more 'twil spread  
 It kills the quick, enlivens the dead.  
 Pluck it, and tell, what 'tis and whence,  
 A crown then is your recompence.

When I this riddle had pondered well  
 its meaning for to know,  
 Light from above, upon me fell  
 and did the secret show.

*(The Answer to't.)*

*The Root is Christ, the Plant is Grace.  
 Which will the pure in glory place.*

*Next i'le you tell of Edens Wells.*

**A** Midst Gods Garden did appear  
 A fountain, that was sweet and clear.  
 A pleasanter was never seen:  
 It kept the plants all fresh, and green.

Still

Still flowing full but inexhaust,  
 Inviting all that saw't, to tast,  
 And come, drink in a golden cup,  
 These living waters bubbling up.  
 Hence Sanctuary-streams derive  
 That still keep all Gods roots alive.  
 In Golden pipes still issuing,  
 Cooling and chearing, ev'ry thing.  
 In it all that do wash their eyes,  
 May penetrate deep mysteries.  
 Like *Manna* 't tast, as Milk and Honey,  
 Its waters run free without money.  
 All that to wash into it go  
 (Tho' leprous) 't makes them white as Snow.  
 The spots of sin, and Conscience-grypes,  
 And stains away it purely wipes.  
 He that does drink of this, in store,  
 For other Cisterns thirsts no more.

## 179 Hymn.

*Of the Fruit of Edens Garden.*

**N**OW as mine eye did contemplate  
 and *Edens* Fruits desire,  
 To th' tree of Life, the open gate,  
 I longing did enquire.  
 Considering what is on record,  
 of *Adam* and his Wife;  
 Kept by an Angels flaming Sword,  
 out from that tree of Life.

And

And now an angel to me flew,  
 having receiv'd command,  
 That tree of life to me to shew,  
 and gave First-fruits in hand.  
 But told me, that above it grew  
 amidst Gods paradise ;  
 One branch of which, gave such a shew,  
 as dazl'd mortal eyes :

This branch did o're the wall extend,  
 with most delightful tast,  
 And down within my reach descend ;  
 to eat my soul made hast.  
 This beauteous and glorious branch  
 with choice fruits did abound  
 Its Kingdom to our times did lanch,  
 tho' with a cross first crown'd.

'To stay my longings oft there fell  
 its apples here, and there,  
 These promises did relish well,  
 both food and physick were.  
 One also brought flagons of Wine  
 and bad me drink, and gather  
 The clusters of the choicest Vine,  
 for plant it did the Father.

180 *Hymn.**(Ultimate Glory.)*

**T**His upper Garden on the mount  
 I long'd and climb'd to enter,  
 But under ground, (one gave account)  
 I through a Cave must venter.  
 This Cave I dark and silent found,  
 the first sight caus'd me weep,  
 One step me lodg'd next under ground  
 and there I fell asleep.

Yet prospect got I, (ere I slept,)  
 by faith, (at a small hole,)

Embalm'd in Christ I shu'd be kept  
 there hee'l not leave my soul.

Then flew it † strait to paradise † *i.e.* the soul  
 such sleep to it, was gain,

My flesh did rest in hope t' arise  
 and both (with Christ) to raign.

Thus I put off mortality,  
 asleep (with little pain : )

In state immortal, by and by,  
 to rise and live again.

There



There I bad all the world adieu  
 here Sword and Shield let fall,  
 Looking to be array'd anew,  
 when God is all in all.

But whilst I (at this Port deferr'd,)  
 did for my passage long :  
 Melodious Chore's within I hear'd ,  
 so I in consort sung.

## 181 Hymn.

*An Hymn of the immortal joys.*  
*Where pains, nor sighs, nor sin annoys.*  
*Psal. 16. ult. 2 Tim. 1. 10. 1. Pet. 1. 4.*

**L**ord in thy Gospel tydings be  
 of death abolish't quite ;  
 And life with immortality,  
 therein is brought to light.  
 This glorious mystery, (conceal'd  
 in Types) from ages past,  
 Thou in due time (by Christ) reveal'd  
 to us in mercy hast.

This mystery doth far excell,  
 all wisdoms transitory ;  
 That in beleivers Christ should dwell,  
 the hope of future glory.

That

That Christ before us up should go,  
 and Anchor for us cast ;  
 And for us intercede also,  
 then fetch us home at last.

If first fruit-joys, are here so great,  
 of immortality,

To reap an Harvest day compleat,  
 what will the shouting be ?

If tokens from espousing love,  
 so well the heart will stay ;

What will the Bridegrooms coming prove,  
 O what the marriage day ?

If anchor cast within the vail,  
 may give so strong comfort ;

What will our entrance with full sail,  
 into eternal Port ?

*Here Ends the first Part.*

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Post-



Reader,

THE Author intends a Second Part all on the Scripture, if these bring but in, his bare charges; but *Observer Numb. 87.* is so bold with Law, to come to a Conventicle; forge a name, and abuse *Ra-Conscience*, and pervert part of a Hymn, citing it (as Satan did Scripture) in part only, so tender he is of that old Roman *Nimrod* that hee l help to start a prey by barking at words, and next imposing his sence, that verse was

*At Babel first confusion came,  
Lord send it once again;  
In her confusion raise thy name,  
So finish Nimrods raign-*

But to leave him to's scurrilous scribe, until the next House of Lords touze him; I add

There being a late discourse of that Comet; the Reader is desir'd with that book on *Matth. 2.* to compare *G. Withers* in's *Speccul. Sp. p. 132.*

There will (to thwart their hopes) a New Star blaze  
Within the *west*, that shall the World amaze;  
And influences, through the universe  
So quickly, and prodigiously disperse;  
That aided by concurring Constellations,  
It shall have some effects upon most Nations;  
And cause such changes, as will make a stand,  
In those attempts that now men have in hand, &c.

F I N I S.

